

In Touch



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IN TOUCH

celebrating gay awareness

vol. 1, no. 7

april 1974

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OUR COVER: David Miller. A face in a million. Photo by Hugh Harrison.
This Page: Mae West (page 16), Gary Brandenberg (page 24), Roy Miller and Jim Chandler (page 32), David Miller (page 36) and Curtis Harrington (page 52).

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keeping *In Touch*

Dear Sir:

Having just finished your first issue, I would like a six-month subscription as well as the back issues for November, December, and January.

Here are a few comments as you requested. It is about time a magazine comes out that is as tasteful and artistic as *After Dark* but more openly gay. I only regret that it's limited to Southern California. Colorado has its share of mountains (re: Idlewild Idyll). The poetry, graphics, layout are excellent. It is good to see some gay art (like your cover) that speaks of love and beauty beyond the pornographic art that is stereotyped in the minds of straights.

I'd like to see more "in-depth" arti-

cles—possibly one on ageism that is so prevalent in the gay community. Don't publish personals in the back, as body-selling is not in the style of your publication.

Good luck.

Peace,
Gary Young

Dear Editor:

Have enjoyed your magazine immensely ever since I subscribed to your first issue last fall! The content, art layout, and printing techniques are superior, even to many of the more established magazines in my humble opinion. I do hope that you will be able to keep it of high standards and quality as well.

If you continue as you have, your success is imminent.

I look forward to the day when your magazine can expand nationally. Of course, realizing the high printing costs and production problems, I know it will take time. I also am aware of the fact that you can't please everyone but know you are doing a good job of it!

Thanks again for giving us IN TOUCH, something Gays can take pride in!!!

Sincerely,
Hana Ogi

Give us time. We're getting there and need your encouragement and support. With this issue we are beginning to expand with San Francisco listings in Where It's At. Next month San Francisco will be added to the Calendar and we'll have a feature on the San Francisco scene. Thanks for the encouragement. —Editor.



GALLERY

This issue of our privately printed magazine contains 38 pages of our exclusive model TIGER in all new b/w photos. Available only through COLT. GALLERY #9 ... \$5.00

COLT

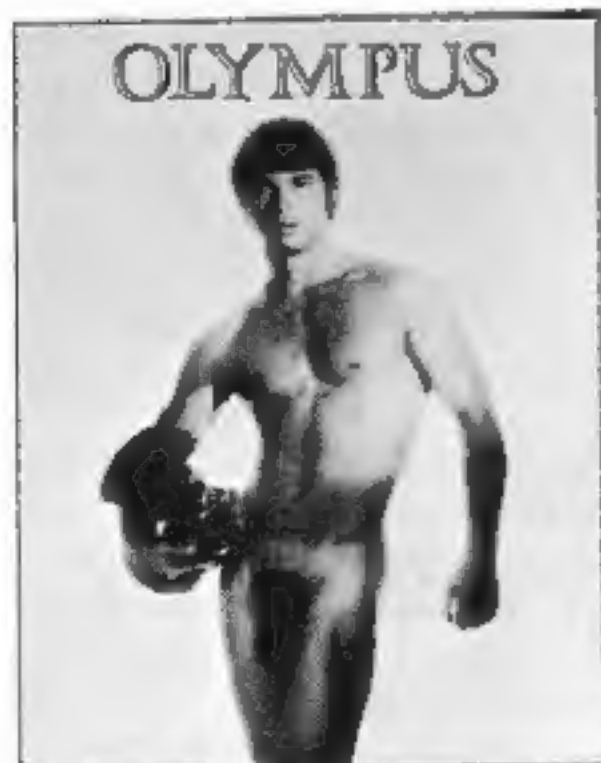
Now in our sixth year of business, Colt continues to bring the masculine image to our thousands of subscribers. Over the years we have discovered many new faces which have gone on to fame in many areas; films, theatre, sports, etc., and we hope to continue the excitement of the search for talent all over the globe. When ordering from the Studio, may we remind you that because our men are photographed in the nude, we must ask that accompanying your order is a statement that you are 21 or over. And also, to the total of your order, please add .50. We must ship your order First Class, double-taped and the additional .50 helps defray that extra cost. We want to be sure you get what you want. Thank you.

THE COLT STUDIO
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MANPOWER! #6

The man's magazine. For this issue, we've wrapped up the leather scene (including the cover!). Many new models, much color, the COLT touch. Definitely not the children's hour. MANPOWER! #6 \$6.00



IN TOUCH

comments

The recent LAPD manipulation of the Hollywood Businessmen's Association to justify five gay bar closings, at a time when gay liaison with the police had seemed to be improving; plus the complaints filed but ignored regarding the unconscionable tactics charged to detective Lloyd "Mike Hammer" Martin; plus the repeated flagrant raids and burglarizing of Beulahland under Mary Waters' improper warrants, the 11-hour siege of Pat Rocco's home, the illegal search-and-seizure of constitutionally protected mailing lists, and the all-out attack on Jaguar Films whose current show (not bothered elsewhere) painted an unflattering picture of Hollywood Vice, adds up to a nasty pattern of conspiracy and collusion, possibly a turning point for the local gay community equal to the agony and the progress that came out of such attacks in 1951, 62 and 67.

For some it creates a diversionary crisis of confidence in men we recently helped elect downtown. Many ask, what are Bradley, Pines and Stevenson doing about all this? And we meet new office seekers coming for our vote with misdirected cynicism: why should we now trust you?

Well, Watergate, Westgate and the Glasshouse notwithstanding, trust has to be part of the game of politics if it is to work. We must keep electing friendly candidates, apparent men of integrity, and knocking out the worst of the scoundrels, in hopes of some results, sometime. But that is not all we must do. We have to convince those we do elect that our bite is at least up to our bark. And we must listen attentively to what they actually say. None of the men we sent downtown last November promised to deliver Davis' head on a silver platter. They all told us that *el jefe* runs a highly independent show, without much respect to law, rights or justice. Even bringing him to heel could be a delicate operation, and that's asking a lot of even a sympathetic mayor.

Neither Bradley nor Pines nor a few City Councilmen can stop the police from making bad busts. Pines has been dropping charges that don't look legitimate, and the LAPD are going around his office now. Pines is not in charge of

the LAPD. Nor is Bradley, not directly. The Police Commission is, and possibly we can shake some things loose there, with harder and more skillful work than any of us have had time for to date. It isn't enough that we have a legitimate gripe. It has to be presented convincingly and followed up—and we can expect some fancy footwork on the other side, and some additional retaliation.

Certainly it is most important for us to recognize where our interests lie, morally and strategically. We hear a lot of snippish talk (from writers who'll rarely cross the street to discuss differences with Gays they dislike) about the need for "unity."

The concept of unity can be a chimeric. The fact that we have diverse goals, life-styles, prejudices, etc., isn't going to blow away. It is enough that we support one another in time of crisis, and keep our internecine snipings below the lethal level at other times.



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This is the first time in over 20 years of the gay movement locally that pre-planned attacks have been made on major gay activists, whatever the excuse. And right away, some are saying that the rest of us maybe shouldn't get involved, also that some of the bars in question were disreputable places anyhow.

But the one absolute requirement of unity (not giving up our individuality, but simply standing together when necessary) is that none of us takes the attitude that I'll stick up for "my kind of Gay," and throw the rest to the wolves. Nor can we defend only Gays who are technically "innocent." Under an unjust law, it doesn't pay some of us to pretend that we are less guilty than others.

Unless radical Gays stand up for the rights of religious Gays and vice versa, and leather types support the right of even the seamiest drags not to become unconsenting victims of police sadism, middle-class Gays lend aid and comfort to street Gays, and counterculture Gays recognize their commonality with gay squares, we are decimated before we start, and will all be picked off at will. Even in the tackiest bar (and who am I to call my brothers tacky?) most arrests are still trumped up, and too many arrests are accompanied by outrageous and brutal beatings. If "respectable" Gays allow that to happen to other Gays without protest, they don't deserve any defense of their own rights.

Minorities generally have to progress by defense of their least easily defensible members, and unity depends on inclusion of all as brothers. None are safe while any can be attacked with impunity.

So let's hear an end to this yak about this case affecting only one film company (and they were making fuck films, and we're all opposed to that, don't ya know?) or how two of those bars were sleazy places that ought to have been closed. Even if the customers weren't the sort you'd invite to High Tea, closing the bar does not dispose of the people.

Unless the Hollywood Businessmen's Association suggests that these "unwanted" types be given *pink triangles* and sent off to extermination camps, it is only a matter of time before they find other places to congregate.

—JIM KEPNER



ORIGAMI MAGIC

FOLDED WHITE-PAPER
CRANE CREATED WITH DEFTNESS
ORIENTALLY.

IN STILLNESS, THE CRANE TAKES FLIGHT.
HEAR ITS SILENT TRUMPET-CALL.

FOLDED IN YOUR ARMS,
CRANING OVER YOUR DEFTNESS
OCCIDENTALLY.

BODY STILLNESS TAKES ITS FLIGHT
TO THE TRUMPET-CALLS OF YOUR LOVE.

by Henry Patrik
illustration by George Holimon

The CALENDAR

S

M

T

THEATRE
★ AUCTIONS ★
★ BALLS ★
★ CONTESTS ★
★ TOURS ★
★ Galas ★
★ SHOWS ★
★ MEETINGS ★

1

8:00 p.m.
LULU AWARDS
 Sportsman's Lodge
 Studio City

2

7

7:00 p.m.
PASSOVER SEDER
 Beth Chayim Chadashim
 Larchmont Hall
 118 S. Larchmont
 Los Angeles
 510 - 661-6749

8

8:00 p.m.
HOMOSEXUALITY IN HISTORY Class
 ONE Institute
 2256 Venice (near Western)
 Los Angeles
 \$1

9

8:00 p.m.
SPREE's Gala Annual Awards Show
 Trouper's Hall
 1625 N. La Brea, Rear
 Hollywood



15

Yesterday at 3:00 p.m.
 New Drama Group
 ONE Institute
 2256 Venice (near Western)
 \$1 - actors, etc., invited

16

21

22

8:00 p.m.
Battle of the VIP's
 Mayflower Ballroom
 Inglewood

23

8:30 p.m.
ANGELA LANSBURY
 Opens in
GYPSY
 Shubert Theatre
 2020 Ave. of the Stars
 Century City

28

1:00 p.m.
DEDICATION DAY for
 MCC's new L.A. Home
 1050 S. Hill
 Los Angeles

29

8:00 p.m.
 Kingmasters
"NIGHT OF STARS"
 Benefit-Extravaganza
 For Information: 655-2869
MAGGIE NOMINATIONS
 At Oil Can Harry's
 North Hollywood



for APRIL

W

T

F

S

3

4

5

6



11

12

13

7:30 p.m.
GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES
Metropolitan Community
Church
1050 S. Hill St.
Los Angeles

8:00 p.m.
SPREE Awards Show Party
At a local bar
874-5252 for information

17



19

20

8:30 p.m.
Arthur Miller's
THE PRICE
Opens at
Carter Centre Stage
San Diego



25

26

27

8:30 p.m.
Sally Ann Howes and
Ricardo open the
Civic Light Opera Season
Tuesday with
THE KING AND I
Dorothy Chandler
135 No. Grand Ave.
Los Angeles



IN TOUCH will be happy to receive listings for our Calendar. To be included, listing must be in our offices not later than 10th of month preceding issue (Sept. 10 for November, Oct. 10 for December, etc.). Please include location, address and time as well as other pertinent material.

WHERE IT'S AT

BARS

BATHS

Restaurants

THEATRES

Shops

LOS ANGELES by DAVED JADE

CRUISE AND SCORE SITES

JIMBO'S — Jim, formerly of Jim's Corral in Long Beach, has moved out to beautiful Santa Barbara to give it its first healthy taste of leather and Levi. 4135 State St., Santa Barbara.

RUSTY NAIL — Slowly a stampede of star-dust cowboys and beautiful bike boys are attracting a semi-raunchy mob. Good weekend cruising. 7994 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

ONE STEP BEYOND — Next door to the Outer Limits in Garden Grove, the big boys now have somewhere to play in Levi and sawdust and heavy cruising. 11918 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

LARRY'S — Larry must be one of the most popular guys in the gay leather community. His new bar, a clean, barren, slightly poshy dungeon is L.A.'s first liquor/leather bar. Hot and heavy cruising, mostly leather with plenty of real bikes. Melrose Avenue near Van Ness, Los Angeles.

EL CAPITAN — Established local fun spot. Almost raunchy atmos houses very friendly and boisterous crowd. Jovial barmaids. Packed on weekends, small weekday crowds. 13825 Hawthorne Blvd., Hawthorne.

MINE SHAFT — Levi and leather, plenty of cruising. Weeknights get raunchy and mature; weekends cruisy and younger. Sunday buffet draws some seafood. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

MIND SHAFT — It's a blast, this one. An immediate sensation from its opening. Wooden beams, kerosene lamps, dim lighting. Front and rear bars, with dancing under a gazebo. If you can believe it. Restrooms are labeled Ms. and Studs, which gives an idea of what goes on. Wild action, fighting the mob. 2140 Market Street, San Francisco.

TOAD HALL — After two fires, caused by arsonists, this funky bar has risen (again) from the flames, just like the Phoenix. Young, trippy crowd, longhairs and heads. Jukebox, pool tables. You are warned by the management, however, to "leave your pleasure trips at home." 482 Castro Street, San Francisco.

THE ROUND-UP — Grooviest Western Bar of the Wildest Street in the West, so they claim. Special events, a trippy crowd. Levi's and leather jackets much in evidence. Hunky numbers as regular patrons. 298 Sixth Street at Folsom, San Francisco.

TWIN PEAKS — Former dull straight bar, now a trippy hangout for a far-out crowd. Mostly jeans and jackets, but some more elegant types. Large windows permitting street view. Tiffany lamps, small bar and tables and balcony for cruising. Cocktail hour Saturday and Sunday afternoons a mind-blower. Corner Market and Castro Streets, San Francisco.

THE PUB — Tourists, beach boys, beautiful, and locals meet every afternoon in well-mixed casual atmosphere. Weekends are county mob scene, very mixed with noticeable absence of leather or ladies. Good jukebox and dancing. 224 Helena, Santa Barbara.

GRIFF'S — Beer bottle bruisers, more serious hunky hornies, more easygoing western and leather have gathered large crowd here to avoid mob scenes elsewhere. Still prime. 5574 Melrose, Hollywood.

BUNKHOUSE — Kicky roundup bunch with jaunty cowboy bartenders. A few retired rodeo stars hold the fort between shifts of popularity. Never can tell when the rodeo is in town. 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, towards Silver Lake from the 1170 in Hollywood.

DETOUR — Music programmed for anticipation adds to tense feeling of expectant leather. Good spot to get jived up for cruisy neighborhood. Just up the street from the OUTCAST, should make link-up soon. Weeknights more relaxed. If there ever will be a construction worker bar this will be it. Watch out. Corner Sunset and Santa Monica in Silver Lake at 1087 Manzanita.

FALCON'S LAIR — Western, leather, and followers. Weekend gang swells out into the patio and up onto the game room. Weekdays strictly cruising downstairs and games upstairs.

JAGUAR — Going towards neighborhood gathering. Still mixed but a lot less leather, western, and decadence. Weekdays mostly sociable. Sunday conventions still planned. 7511 Santa Monica, Hollywood.

MIRROR ROOM — Very mixed and lively. Wilshire Guys and Gals together, but not a family affair. Weekend crowd extra jovial. Clean, healthy, laughter and liquor. 1600 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire Center.

CLUB CHATEAU — Speakeasy atmosphere found outside of town, brightly lit with lights on the roof seen from a distance. Extremely cordial hosts and honest friendly crowd.

SAN FRANCISCO by DOUGLAS DEAN

WEEKENDS. 16235 Foothill, Fontana.

THE HUB — Mixed crowd converges for one purpose. Busy poolroom waits at end of long corridor bar. 7864 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

TRUCK STOP — T-shirts and tattoos, Levi and sawdust, beer and cruising. Bike conventions on Sundays. Always kicky and jumping weekends. 13257 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BIG BROTHER — Seaside cowboys and cowgirls accord a lively mosaic with a poolroom temper. 1616 Washington, Venice.

MIKE'S CORRAL — Some of the hunkiest numbers in the Southland have discovered where the rustling is good. Has become stompin' grounds for hot Levi and leather. Just off the Artesia Frwy. at Cherry, 2020 Artesia Blvd., North Long Beach.

LIL LUCY'S — Social gatherings on weekdays easily transform to young heavy cruising mob on weekends. 1200 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

D.O.K. WEST — Most all the gangs come together for Garden Grove's big scene. Sociable types bump elbows with cruisers. 12889 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

BEE JAYS — Rowdy gang refuses not to have a great time. Everybody welcome, lots of Levi, on the park across from USO and baths. 750 India, San Diego.

SWING — Largest cross-section, cruising for everyone, always busy, come and find your corner. 3175 India, San Diego.

CLUB — Assortment, leather nights, Sunday Brunch bunch swells to early afternoon crush. 2501 Kettner, San Diego.

PADDLE BOARD II — Daytime beach bar, nighttime cruising and socializing, afterhours mobs, dancing and coffee, must score. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

JOE'S — Kicky bar, lots of Levi and leather. Large adjoining game room with plenty of cruising. Early crowd gets mature but never elegant. Late crowd gets raunchy and always ready. 2682 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

TRAFFIC JAM — Humpy bartenders hold the fort for late crowd. Mixed types with some western and some seamen. Bar broken down to three sections: socializing up front, game play around the pool table, and serious cruising in the back room. 4663 Long Beach Blvd., Long Beach.

GAF — All purpose bar-club for Palm Springs area. Entertainment some nights, crowds for dancing, with time for cruising. 67901 Hwy. 111, Cathedral City.

THE STUD — A lucky fun spot with liquor and leather has become part of the new scene. Handy for freeway fliers, Hollywood Frwy., Vermont off-ramp. On Melrose just west of Vermont, Los Angeles.

GOLIATHS — Continuous go-go boys, films, tape program, and restless crew have re-engaged the conspiracy to capture you in an excitement game. An experience with one thing in mind. 7011 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood.

THE SEE SAW — Pleasant spot gearing in with leather. Ample bike parking in rear. Just across the street from CBS. Large bar broken up into many corners makes for cruisy layout. 7713 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood (next door to Crest Motel).

THE WILD SIDE — Los Angeles' Southside now has its own hot spot. Mobs coming in from South Bay as well as South Central. Sure to become a new landmark in the changing L.A. scene. Plenty of local neighborhood spots in area. Soon to add afterhours. 1321 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

MUST SCORE TIME

THE HAYLOFT — Western bar gets mixed afterhours. Known for its fine films. Layout specifically designed for good cruising keeps restless mob roaming. ESTABLISHED. Good crowd before and afterhours. 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

REAR END — Leather bar with Levi types. Small compact place with a friendly atmosphere. Tools and traffic signs on the walls, barrels for tables. You can smell the grease and oil. 14th and Market, San Francisco.

NOTHING SPECIAL — Another Castro Street bar, popular with a neighborhood clientele. Warm atmosphere, plenty of action. Young heads and longhairs. Jukebox and pool table. 469 Castro Street, San Francisco.

NEW BELL — Another of Polkstrasse's most famous bars. Piano entertainment, with group singalong. Noisy. Regular parties and special events attract a happy crowd. 1203 Polk Street, San Francisco.

PHOENIX — Formerly a coffeehouse, now a popular gathering spot for the men in the vicinity. Large front bar with a food counter in the rear. Short orders: burgers, chili, soup, etc. Wire spool tables. Plenty of space to move around and observe the action. Mature clientele. 1035 Post Street, San Francisco.

WILD GOOSE — Small cruisy bar for the jeans and Levi set. Sleeveless T-shirts and lots of muscles on display. Funky decorations. A friendly crowd, even on the weeknights. Some young ones around, but mostly an over-30 group. 1488 Pine Street, San Francisco.

THE OUTCAST — Early hours heavy leather score, workout Levi score, kinky score. Gang mix during afterhours, tangling through three-room cruising grounds. Santa Monica Blvd. at

Virgil Ave. in Silver Lake.

OUTER LIMITS — The whole town shows up afterhours, crowding chicken out onto the ultraviolet dance floor and filling all empty spaces; Tiffany trade poolroom find harmonious balance. 11918 Garden Grove in Garden Grove.

JERRY'S HOLE — Young and pretty things must keep dancing while the rest of San Diego flows in for afterhours. Heavy cruising in patio. 1858 San Diego, San Diego.

TRADESMAN — Raunchy before hours group gives way to more elegant raunch engaged in heavy cruising in double bar with double movie. Just off the alley, Melrose at Gardner, West Hollywood.

MOSTLY ON THE DANCE FLOOR

AFTER DARK — A smash since its opening, this place is jammed to the rafters on weeknights, and has them hanging out the windows on Fridays and Saturdays. Largest dance floor in town, and the hottest music. Very pretty group. Lots of young ones, of course, but the management encourages a more mature clientele. Here's one place where they do bridge the generation gap. 936 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

BARBARY COAST — This is a new one. Nautical decor, with fish nets and the prow of a ship to get you in the mood for cruising. Dancing 12 noon till 2 AM. The doors to the restrooms are marked Mate and Fish. Pool in the back room. Welcomes all age groups. 312 Columbus, San Francisco.

THE END UP — Brand new dance bar, all glass floor. Floor lights up in 4-channel color organ lighting and what they call "discreet quadrasonic sound." Pretty wild. A fun place. 401 Sixth Street, at Harrison, San Francisco.

MUG — Weekend, hot spot, good dance floor with young social mobs. Artificial atmos with good music constantly changing moods. 8612 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

AFTER DARK — Disco, D.J. pulls in nightly congestion. Core regiment into fashion but atmos remains relaxed. One ballroom, three bars, dining room, and lookout balcony. Find it on Beverly Blvd., the northeast corner at La Cienega Blvd., in West Hollywood.

GINO'S — Disc jockey emphasizes the in-fashion craze, dancing all night, must score posse gets raunchy, always young crowd gone fashion, jitterbugging hags, pool-playing trade, all types, all friendly. 8452 Melrose, West Hollywood.

BUTCH GARDENS — Very California with gay caballeros prancing among the friendliest casual crowd. Large barroom dance. Decor is bizarre, an assemblage of gargoyled stone walls, red rams' heads breathing fire, mirrors and dancing beams of light. Good cruising and cheerful bartenders for talkers. 3037 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

OIL CAN HARRY'S — The dancers meet here for nightly congregational. Also cruising but mostly conflux. 11502 Ventura, Studio City.

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•English/Spanish speaking operators

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IN TOUCH with your callers!

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OFFICE — Black light ballroom boogie and orange light corner pinball are both neatly shuffled into a large mirror box. 13817 Ventura, Sherman Oaks.

OUTER LIMITS — Afterhours, Disco, mongrel symposium with elegant air of nostalgia, Valley youths into fashion arrive early. Enter in the rear off Whitsett on the east side before reaching the south corner at Magnolia, in North Hollywood.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE — Turn-of-the-century ballroom and huge fun saloon atmos hosts mobs every night for cruising and dancing. Two bars separate dance floor, small cartoon theatre. 2523 E. Anaheim, Wilmington—Long Beach area.

VICTOR HUGO'S — Show spot with separate dance floor and bar. Good weekend crowd, crowded most nights after show. Cover. 750 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OUTRIGGER — Hybrid tribe into dancing, beach bar weekdays, nightly crowds intertwine parties, mobs on Sunday from all over town. 844 W. Mission, Mission Bay, San Diego.

DIABLO'S — Intersexual mix, mostly girls' bar with large reinforcements of boys and straights. Everybody dancing. Large adjoining bar and game room. 2533 El Cajon, San Diego.

ALSO DANCE FLOOR

HANDLEBAR — Rudy is waiting to take care

of you. Fun dancing, sociable liquor bar, and cozy grill in back. One of the friendliest spots in Hollywood. 5925 Franklin Ave.

RENDEZVOUS LOUNGE — Small crowd for dancing, dark and cruisy corners, and neighborhood social bar as well. 7746 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

RIVER CLUB — Two different type bars in one, joined by hot and lively dance floor. One bar casual sweater, one bar heavy cruising Levi, both spiced with mild Latin flavor. Plenty of weeknight cruising and dancing. 3152 Riverside Drive, North Silver Lake.

FRAT HOUSE — Little fun spot, cruising, dancing, intersexual, weekend afterhours. 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City.

BRASS RAIL — Back bar has moved up front to consolidate cruising grounds; a safer bet than last month for groovy cruising. 836 N. Highland, Hollywood.

S.S. FRIENDSHIP — Always lively waves of beachgoers but also lively local night spot for tides of dancing and cruising. 112 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PADDLE BOARD II — Services large South Bay Area for cruising, socializing, dancing, and afterhours must-score. Weekend hordes. 1417 Pacific Coast Hwy., Redondo Beach.

THE CLUB HOUSE — Warm atmosphere created by gentle blend of various types of local people. Coziness of being almost private and

the friendliness of being open to visitors. Also a team from Cal Tech adds party atmos. 1936 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

HOP HOUSE — Growing accommodations soon to include dance floor for already jumping group. Cheerful renaissance management. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

THE AIRPORT — Quiet dance floor convenient for locals that might feel romantic urge to foxtrot or rhumba. Warm spot for cold winter nights. 3626 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

GLASS ONION — Beer and wine lounge, good dance floor, sometimes shows, great buffet on Wednesday, weekend cash at 19723 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SUCH

LLOYD — Sandra Alexander sings soul into your unholy flesh, also pick up the children by the toes and throws them out on the dance floor. Mixed intersexual dancing and other minglings. 739 N. La Brea, Hollywood.

THE NEW GASLIGHT — Pooh atmos, unique game room, peopled by elegant connoisseurs of alev fare and joined on weekends by slowly growing crowd. A rare show. **MONEY ROCK** often performing, not to be missed. Just off Selma at Ivar, behind the Ivar Theatre. Hollywood.

CABARET — Popular show and dinner spot, featuring name attractions such as Michael Greer, Michael Owen, Craig Russell, etc. Nightly performances, beginning at 9.30. Dinner 7-11 P.M. Main fare steaks and chops, with chicken and fish as specialties. Sunday brunch with live chamber music, featuring the Cabaret Omelette, with cheese, ham and mushrooms. 936 Montgomery, San Francisco.

BLA BLA CAFE — Coffeehouse atmos with plenty of good acts. Great for insomniacs, music lovers, parties, and lots of love. Famous for afterhours breakfast. 11059 Ventura, Studio City.

CEST LA VIE — Thick with atmosphere, comfortable lounge with female impersonators engaged in pantomime of a 1940's Pearl Harbor floor show. International numbers prevail. Tourist spot. 11920 Ventura, Studio City.

REDWOOD ROOM — Female impersonators in established showbar. Sometimes the best show in town and then again . . . 3371 W. 8th, Wilshire District, Los Angeles.

TOY TIGER — Large lounge with great piano bar. Brake Hudson at the grand creating happy singalong of old favorites and current show tunes. Nightly mobs. 2538 Hyperion, Silver Lake.

PIER XII — Weekend comic skits for campy fun, just off the beach, very mixed clientele. 2722 Main St., Santa Monica.

MARY S CELEBRITY HOUSE — Gina at the piano spellbinds all the young men downstairs with her blue-eyed soul. Upstairs has majestic ocean view dining. 5101 E. Ocean, Long Beach.

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MARY'S HANG UP — Very mixed bar, always one scene or another happening here. Weekends have a unique drag show. Catch the Dimpled Darlings, 714 Garnet, Pacific Beach, San Diego.

SHIP 'N SHORE — Behind Captain Deck's on Crenshaw you can find a spot for good people, friendly people, happy people, people you thought had vanished from the face of the faded planet. Entertainment every week end includes specialty acts like hypnotists that "like to hypnotize gay boys" and comedy teams. Join me there. 5215 S. Crenshaw, Hawthorne.

TROJAN SHIELD — If you've seen one tacky showbar you haven't seen them all. If you only see one more tacky showbar it might as well be this spot. The show has talent and the facilities, as usual, don't do them justice. Support your local drag show. 15122 Beach Blvd., Midway City.

COMING CLEAN
HYPERION BATHS — Clean, adequate facilities, friendly attendants, educated clientele. Daytime bath, especially fun on Wednesday afternoon and other early evenings. 2114 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, L.A.

YMAC — Young Men's Athletic Club, a small club for members and guests, good facilities, private rooms and large bunkhouse upstairs. Hunky types abound. 7661 Melrose, West Hollywood.

ORLANDO BATHS - Small, private club with real Finnish Rock Steam. Mature but experienced and wholesome members. Wednesday night is buddy night. Closed at 1 A.M. 309 S. Orlando, West Hollywood.

CYPRESS BATHS — Formerly Gemini Baths. Small and private for early evening get together. 5291 Fountain, Hollywood.

TURKISH BATH – Mature crowd turns lively


CORRAL CLUB — Many corridors, many rooms, all sizes and shapes for all trips. Good services and accommodations. Always crowded, always variety; heavy young, 3747 Cahuenga, Studio City.

HOLIDAY BATHS — Decent setup, good service, open around the clock. Mixed respectable crowd. 14435 Victory, Van Nuys.

ATLAS BATHS — Small, lively downtown bath with raunchy types. Across from Boe Jays and LSO. 743 Columbia, Downtown San Diego.

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mixed crowd makes for an exciting adventure. Good accommodations as well. 867 4th, Downtown San Diego.

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GLEN'S — Not private open, shower, steam room, sauna, color TV, pool room, private rooms, friendly crowds, just off Ventura. Frwy. 4653 Lankershim, No. Hollywood.

YORK BATHS — Very private affairs are over fast and room around corridors filled with shameless, open and current couples. 5013 York, High and Park, L.A.

AQUARIUS — Small steam room, showers, TV room, private rooms. Heavy city. Fast score corridors. Interesting parties. Educated clientele. 4504 Eagle Rock, Eagle Rock, L.A.

LEVI CLUB — Extremely accommodating personnel will take care of your dirty bag and other locker needs, right away, and send you into the hordes of swarming bodies that make up their clientele. Just fifteen minutes east of Hollywood, off the San Bernardino Frwy. 10715 Garvey, El Monte.

OIL CAN HARRY'S — Plenty of action here when everywhere else is out of season. Fine facilities for finer people, dancing in the aisles from scene to scene. A variety to choose from. 68999 Broadway, Cathedral City, for the Palm Springs area.

PALACE BATHS — Recently renovated. Have a certain charm, a mysterious, almost dilapidated institution. One of the main things to remember there for some time. 4444 Downtown L.A.

SPARTAN SPA-APOLOGIES — This is a new private club and it is still being considered to be R.I.P. It is still alive and well but it is still remain private. Open weekends until midnight. Closed weekdays due to the energy crisis. 5613 Hollywood Blvd.

ALLEY CATS CORNER

ODYSSEY — Sex on the skirts stays here. Near the beach. 71 State St., Santa Barbara.

SPOTLIGHT — Santa Avenue stays up with golden couples and it is a place for cats. Always a party. Cruising pays off. 1621 Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

ALDO'S — In the alley. Plenty of talk and drink and food. Sunday brunch makes good bait. Trade makes calls. Drags welcome. 6413 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

HOUSE OF IVY — Dance floor for mixed rabble. Friendly trade on break. 1640 N. Las Palmas, Downtown Hollywood.

THE ALLEY — Bold Venture at the Alley is a sometimes busy place and it is a place for usually trade. 6357 Hollywood Blvd., Downtown Hollywood.

CHIEF CRAZY HORSE SALOON — Bizarre atmosphere has become home for trade gone gay. Only spot to find a wrestling partner. Hollywood and Vine in the heart of Hollywood.

MY HOUSE — Neighborhood alley cats come together for lots of laughter and elbow bending. 1676 N. Cahuenga, Downtown Hollywood.

LEMON TWIST LOUNGE — Remodeled. Clean and comfortable with well behaved clientele usually. W 1 score. Worthwhile. 6434 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

I.B.'s — Corner of the alley cats to get to know each other. 6355 Yucca, Downtown Hollywood.

THE CELLAR — Strictly trade. Bath upstairs. On Santa Monica west of Western, Hollywood.

MARIO'S — Trade. Latins, Ookies, limp-wrist veterans, and closet queens move about the pool table or clutch glasses in corners. Santa Monica Blvd. just east of Western, Hollywood.

HAROLD'S — Cusp dor and Lincoln atmosphere hosts mixing of traveling trade, respectable gentlemen, questionable ladies, approachable lost souls and liquor. 555 S. Main, Downtown L.A.

THE WALDORF — Spittoon and concrete atmosphere pay host to heavy traffic mix of

Continued on Page 71

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IMPORTANT NOTICE! (WE THINK)

Dear Reader:

If, as is said, a picture is worth a thousand words, this page provides several thousand words which explain just why you will want to continue to receive IN TOUCH magazine. For many of you, your original subscription is about to expire. For others, you still have many issues to anticipate. However, we feel that the following information is pertinent to all of you.

As most of you know, the Phase IV price restrictions have been lifted. While the entire Phase programs have become such playthings that they bore and irritate us all, they still have the power to affect us. It has become a certainty within the printing industry that as soon as next month, the price of paper will increase considerably. That increase will be passed along and reach us very quickly. Being one of those magazines which does not exist on its advertisers' income, it will be necessary to pass the price increase on to our readership. Some publications have done this already. It is inevitable that IN TOUCH will shortly have to raise its cover price. A sad fact but also a grim reality.

We thought it only fair to bring these facts to your attention. You have helped us when we most needed it—both financially and spiritually—and we appreciate it. With this in mind, we want to be able to say thanks and extend to you the opportunity to subscribe, renew, and/or extend your present subscription at our current rates of \$10.00 a year rather than be shortly faced with the higher rates.

The publisher

IN TOUCH



Mae West They're Still Coming Up!

How do you interview a legend? What do you talk about with a lady who invented sex? How do you rate with a star who prefers men with big muscles when you don't have any? I needn't have worried for Mae is an amazing personality. She glitters today as strongly as she ever did. She has met all the mighty and she has been gracious to all the nobodies. She is a marvel who meets you on your own level and makes you feel welcome. She has met most of the presidents of this land at one time or another and liked them all—from Coolidge and Roosevelt to Truman and Lyndon Baines. Famed film director George Cukor once arranged a gala dinner party in her honor because Garbo wanted desperately to meet her. Says Mae of that historic meeting:

"All she did was talk about me and my pictures. She wanted to know how I came to write and all that. She was most complimentary."

When I visited Mae at her Hollywood apartment (she owns a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and a beach house in Santa Monica) her man, Grayson, opened the door, served me a drink and withdrew. I glanced around the white-on-white room highlighted with touches of gold here and there. On the white baby grand piano a white statue of Mae, one elbow behind her famous head, looked down at me. A nude painting of her, labeled SEX, adorned one wall. Photographs in ormolu frames of the star in her many pictures gazed enticingly at me from a coffee table. And then suddenly Mae herself appeared, swathed from head to toe in a white housecoat ringed in white fox fur. From fingers tipped with long white nails, diamonds glittered. The whole effect was quite overwhelming. Assuming her famous stance and looking younger than she ever did in *Myra Breckenridge*, Mae intoned:

"Howdja do?"

There was nothing for it but to approach and kiss her hand. This out of the way, she beckoned me to a chair and arranged herself opposite.

"I see Grayson has taken good care of you."

"Yes. Thank you."

"I like my guests to be well taken care of."

I began with a question that had been gnawing at

me for some time.

"I understand, Miss West, that you were once married."

"Yeah. For two weeks. His name was Frank Wallace and friends talked me into it. I was only seventeen and I didn't want my mother to know about it. It didn't work out so we got it annulled."

"Why have you never married since?"

"Well, as you know, I like men to come up and see me. And a lot of men keep comin' up. I'd meet one guy that would suit me and I'd think about marryin' him and then another guy'd come up and he'd look pretty good too. So, before long, it got so I thought I'd just leave the field free and give 'em all a chance."

"How did it begin—you and show business?"

"My mother and father took me to an amateur night at the old Gotham Theatre in Brooklyn. I was only eight years old at the time and I made quite a hit. The couple who ran it, Hal Clarendon and his wife, took a shine to me and put me in their stock company. I learned everything about actin' from them. I studied singin' with George Davis and he developed my contralto voice. I can also sing soprano and I did an aria from Samson and Delilah in one of my pictures."

"When did you start writing?"

"Well, I never could sing some of the expressions and words in the songs they give me. So I started changin' them around and puttin' in my own words here and there. That started my writin' and kinda got me goin'. I was the first person ever to use the word SEX in a play title. I was years ahead of my time. My book, *The Constant Sinner*, was about a black man and a white woman. I wrote a play called *Pleasure Man* and a sensation called *The Drag*. It was about homosexuals. Ya know, they're just female souls in men's bodies. My mother was crazy about Gays. They used to style her hair and make hats for her. I've always enjoyed them. Owney Madden, the gangster, was a friend of mine and he backed my show, *Diamond Lil*. I asked George Raft to be in it but he didn't think he would be able to talk on a stage. I used to get \$10 a seat when \$2.50 was tops. There wasn't a hell or a damn anywhere and no disrobin'

HISTORY AND THEATRE

The year is 1914, the location is Chicago, and Mae West is appearing in Burlesque (right). In 1921, New York saw Mae in the revue "Mimic of the World" (right center). Mae bids the warden at Welfare Island goodbye after a 10-day visit resulting from her play "Sex" in 1927 (far right). Between performances in 1928, "Diamond Lil" relaxes (below left). Mae in Hollywood and her famous white and pink satin bed (below right). One of a series of fashion stunts in which Miss West introduced a new hairstyle — the Sensation Wave (Page 19 — top left). In 1941, Mae's 30-year secret marriage came to light and she was divorced at considerable expense (top center). Back in New York in 1944, Mae prepared for "Catherine Was Great" (top right). On the set of "She Done Him Wrong" in 1933, Mae was visited by the famous revivalist, Billy Sunday (bottom left). Mae decided to revive "Diamond Lil" and opened in London in 1948 and New York in 1949 (bottom center). A recent photo of Miss West with her friend Michael Ireland, the famous psychic (bottom right).



either. Funny thing, in 1932 George asked me to do *Night After Night* for Paramount with him an' it began my screen career for me."

At this point Miss West's bankers arrived and Mae summoned her man.

"Grayson, offer Mr. Leopold a piece of carrot cake while I tend to business."

Between really delicious mouthfuls in the ante-room, I had an opportunity to talk to Larry Grayson, a charming Puerto Rican who hails from San Juan. His present name is actually a shorter Americanization of the original and he kindly provided me with a list of all of Mae's pictures:

Night After Night. 1932. Paramount. Directed by Archie Mayo.

She Done Him Wrong. 1933. Paramount. Directed by Lowell Sherman.

I'm No Angel. 1933. Paramount. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

Belle of the Nineties. 1934. Paramount. Directed by Leo McCarey.

Go in to Town. 1935. Paramount. Directed by Alexander Hall.

*Klondike Annie** 1936. Paramount. Directed by

Raoul Walsh.

*One of the few prints in existence of this picture was stolen out of the projection room at the Granada Theatre on Sunset Strip the night before it was to be shown three years ago.

Go West Young Man. 1936. Paramount. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

Every Day's a Holiday. 1938. Paramount. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

My Little Chickadee. 1940. Universal. Directed by Edward Cline.

The Heat's On. 1943. Columbia. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.

Myra Breckenridge. 1970. Fox. Directed by Michael Sarne.

"Grayson," I asked, "have you ever peeled Mae a grape?"

"No."

"Has she ever drunk champagne from a slipper?"

"Miss West neither smokes nor drinks."

"Any guests ever break this rule?"

"The only one I know of was Bette Davis who chain-smoked for two hours here."

"How long have you been with Miss West?"



"Fourteen years. I'm her secretary-chauffeur."

"Do you do the cooking?"

"No. Paul Novak does that."

"The former muscleman?"

"Yes. He's her bodyguard and prepares the meals, generally from health food stores. He's been with her nineteen years."

"Where does Miss West go when she dines out?"

"Chasen's, the Shalimar [an Indian restaurant in Santa Monica], the Black Forest [a German restaurant] and Madame Wu's."

"You mentioned the word bodyguard. Is that necessary?"

"Oh yes. Both Paul and I are armed when we go out. Her fans go wild everywhere. At Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum I gave out thousands of photographs and they nearly tore my clothes off. At the New York premiere of *Myra Breckenridge* the fans knocked producer Robert Fryer down in the street."

"What did you think of that picture?"

"Let me just say that Mr. Fryer, after a while, wasn't even talking to the director who cut out two of Miss West's best scenes after the first preview. And she had a wonderful ending for the picture and they

wouldn't use it."

"She had a few lines that her fans never expected her to say."

"Oh that golden phallus line. She never wrote that. They debated over it and, finally, Miss West agreed to say it."

We were interrupted by that familiar voice again.

"Grayson, send Mr. Leopold in."

I gathered up my pad and pencil (I never work with a tape recorder as I believe it eliminates the heart of the interview and mechanizes everything) and was ushered once more into "The Presence."

"Miss West, would you mind discussing *Myra Breckenridge*?"

"What would ya like ta know?"

"Your opinion of it."

"It didn't turn out too good. They cut out all my best bits, ya know."

"I hear you had some costume problems."

"Well, I saw this Welch woman come on the set wearin' all the colors. So I decided on black an' white, which was about all she left out. I issued a notice that no one could wear black an' white but me. So one day, wouldn't ya know, Miss Welch shows

up in black 'an white."

"Any comments about the director?"

"Well, he just had one picture behind him, a nothin' picture. He was too inexperienced."

"So what's next on the agenda?"

"I'm preparin' a spectacular with Dick Cavett."

"Come to think of it, you've never done a talk show, have you?"

"No. And I wouldn't. My fans don't want to see me talkin'. They want to see me struttin' my stuff. I've written a show called *Sextet*. It's about a woman with six husbands. Richard Ireland predicted I had a whole new career openin' up for me and I would do three or four new pictures."

"Richard Ireland?"

"Oh, I'm very interested in the occult. I met him through the great Thomas Jack Kelly. Years ago I invited Kelly to come up and see me sometime. He came 'n predicted we would be in a war. That we were goin' to have a surprise attack in Honolulu within 30 days. I guess he didn't call the White House 'cause they would have thought him a crank. In the late Forties he introduced me to Richard Ireland at my beach house. Kelly passed in 1964. I knew Houdini well and Houdini manifested himself to his wife. This last Christmas T.J. manifested himself to me on my couch. I heard whispers right in this room and I turned around and there he was, lookin' about 30, right on that couch you're sittin' on. Before I could call out, his astral outline sank outta sight. It was amazin'. T.J. Kelly held a seance I attended an' he brought in Mario Lanza's voice. I heard Lanza plain as day and he said: 'Oh, I'm sufferin' so.' Ya know, he dissipated his great talent. He shoulda lived on."

"What about your writing, Miss West?"

"Well, I'm nearly finished with my new book, *Sex Drive*."

"You're looking great. How do you do it?"

"I get plenty of exercise. I have an exercycle that I work on here. I ride a bicycle. I have a walkin' machine that I walk on. I go to my beach house in Santa Monica and I walk on the sand."

"How do you keep that complexion?"

"Not too much sun. Ten minutes at the most. I use cocoa butter and a little lanolin and a dry puff just to take the shine off. I like false eyelashes. Then I don't have to use much mascara. It gets into the corners of the eyes."

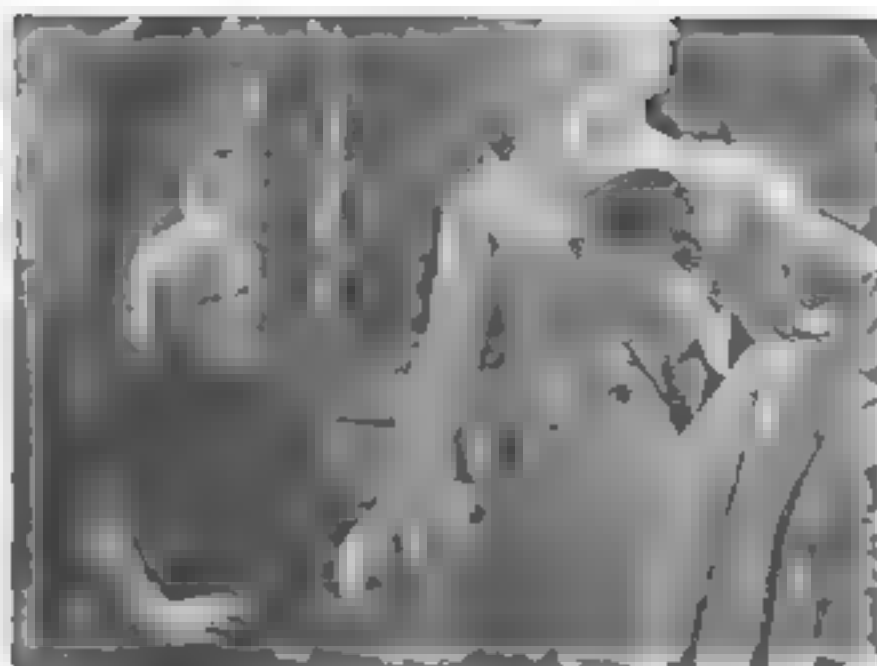
"How about your diet?"

"A little chicken. Primarily vegetables. Plenty of fresh fruit. Ya know, they're all body cleansers. Grapes, apples, oranges in season. Melons. Lots and lots of 'em."

"Do you cook?"

"No. I'm no good in the kitchen. And no one ever

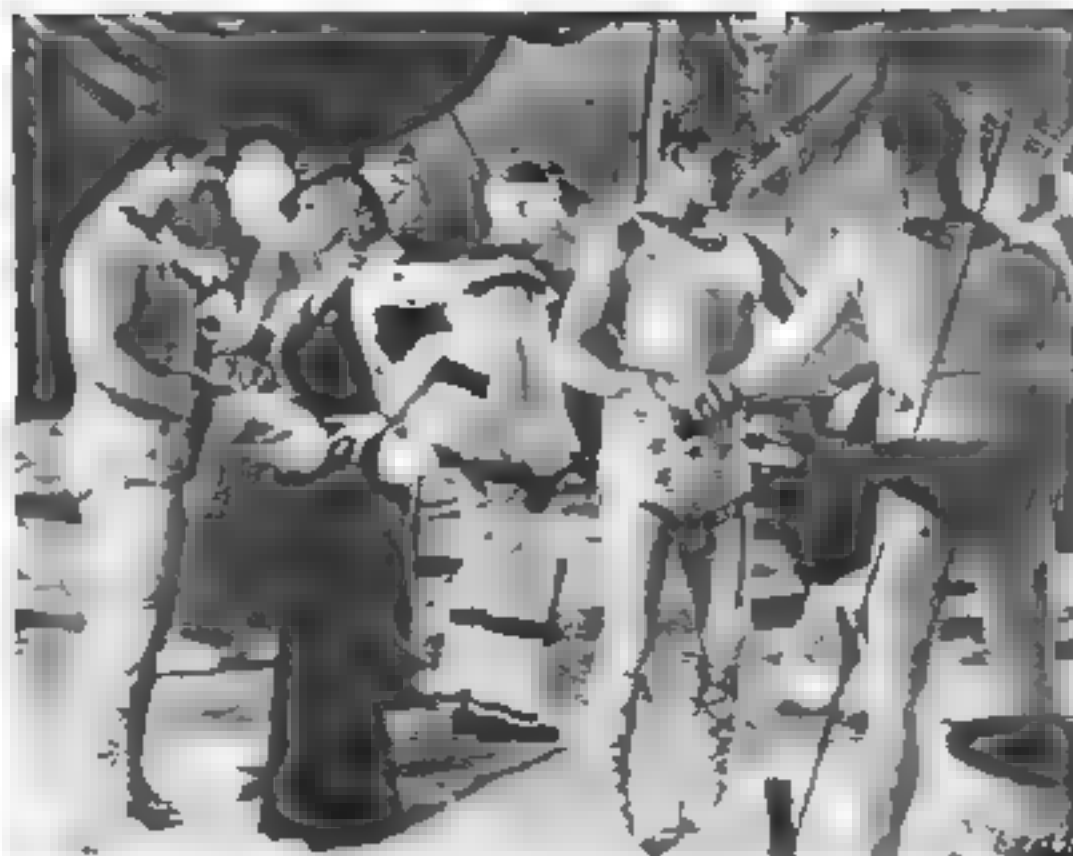




THE MOVIES

Mae made her film debut in 1932 in "Night After Night" playing George Raft's old friend (Paramount — Page 20 — top). Her next film was "She Done Him Wrong" and co-starred Cary Grant and was the film version of Diamond Lil (Paramount center). Again with Cary Grant came the record-breaking "I'm No Angel" (Paramount — bottom) "Belle of the Nineties" followed and Mae's wardrobe was outstanding (Paramount — above). "Goin' to Town" was Mae's first Western, although this shot hardly gives that impression (above center) "Klondike Annie" was Miss West's film masterpiece and co-starred Victor McLaglin (Paramount — above right and 2nd row left). In the same year came "Go West Young Man," this time with Randolph Scott as co-star (Paramount — 2nd row right). "Every Day's a Holiday" saw Mae in her favorite position — surrounded by men (Paramount — 3rd row left). "My Little Chickadee" starred Mae with W.C. Fields in another Western (Universal — 3rd row-right). Again Mae is surrounded by men in a production number from "The Heat's On" (Columbia — bottom left) Mae's latest film was the controversial "Myra Breckinridge" which also featured the hunky young actor Roger Herren (20th Century-Fox — bottom right)





THE MEN IN HER LIFE
When Elliott Roosevelt visited Hollywood, Miss West was number one on his list (1933 — far left). Surrounded by extras, Mae plays a scene from "I'm No Angel" (Paramount — left). With producer Adolph Zukor and director Leo McCarey on the set of "Belle of the '90's" (Paramount — below far left). In the 1942 Broadway production "Diamond Lil," Mae is surrounded by a string of suitors (below left). Doing her bit for the war effort, Mae welcomes and entertains some sailors (Page 23 top left and 2nd row left). Surrounded as always, Mae sings "Tall, Dark, and Handsome" (Page 23, top right). In the mid-1950's Mae did her famous nightclub act with 17 men (9 of whom were well-known musclemen) (2nd row center). The famous publicity shot from "Myra Breckinridge" (2nd row right). Mae visited USC with Cal Bartlett (left) and the old charm still held them enthralled (bottom left). Gary Brandenberg, coordinator of the New-Clear Universal Foundation, presents Miss West with a plaque in recognition of her contributions to the psychic field (bottom right)



asked me to be there."

"I interviewed Christine Jorgensen once in her kitchen and she's quite a gourmet cook. Have you met her?"

"No. But if I ever do, I'd like to hear about *that* operation."

"Who does your hair?"

"Doris Harris from Paramount."

"Who designs your clothes?"

"Michael Abknot. He's marvelous."

"How much do you weigh?"

At this question Mae stood up, opened her housecoat and cinched her rose lace gown tightly about her waist

"I never wear corsets. How much do ya think?"

"About 131 or 2, I should imagine."

"That's the most. I often get down to 123."

"Let's take a moment to discuss sex symbols. Without question you are the queen of them all. Marilyn Monroe occupied that throne in the Fifties and the current male sex symbol, courtesy of Helen Gurley Brown, is Burt Reynolds."

"Marilyn Monroe was never a *real* sex symbol. She was manufactured. They trained her to walk like me."

"Her trademark was to go without a brassiere. Do you approve?"

"If ya got somethin', wear one. If ya got nothin', I suppose ya don't need it. As for Burt Reynolds, they brought him up to meet me."

"Do you plan to work with him?"

"Well, ya see, he's taken. Dinah Shore's got him and I like Dinah Shore. I would never take another woman's man. And most of the good ones are married, ya know. So I kinda laid off him."

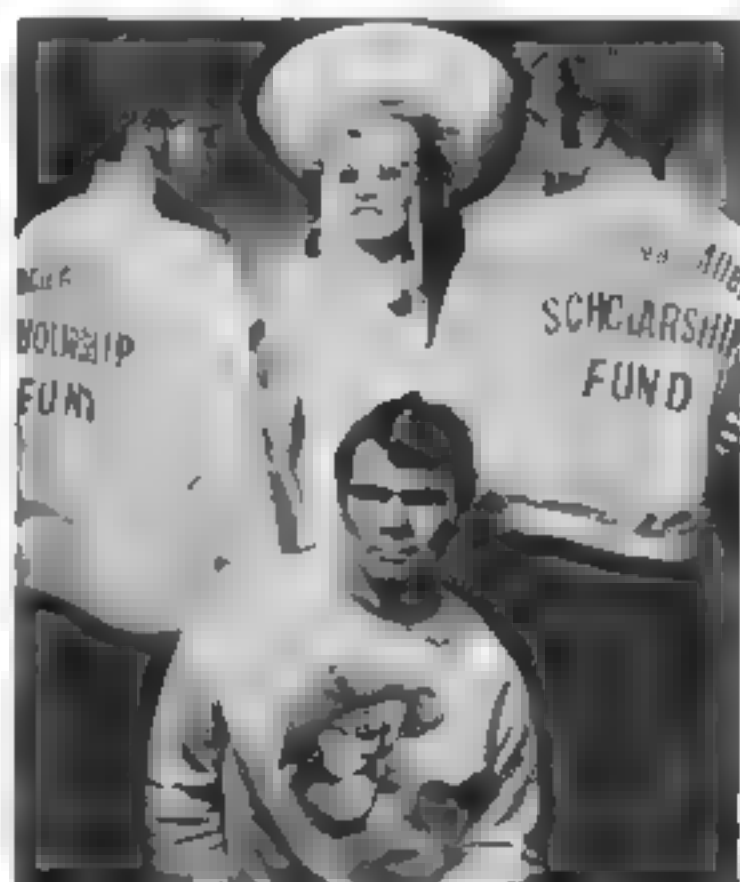
"How much sleep do you get?"

"Eight or nine hours. I'm up at ten but it takes me until three in the afternoon before I'm ready to meet my public."

I rose to leave and once more felt it obligatory to kiss the hand of this remarkable woman. After all, I was paying homage to a Queen: The Queen of the Silver Screen. As I turned at the door, Mae purred.

"Be sure to come up and see me sometime."

And I assured her I would





fashion

Everyone likes to look his best on the beach. With summer coming fast upon us, it's time to take a look at the latest in Southern California swimwear. When those nice hot days inspire you to a day of sun by the pool or at the beach, don't forget that the best way to get people to look at you is to attract their attention. Since the only clothing you will be wearing is swimwear or beachwear, it is important to have clothes that are right for you. Swimsuits can be both a turn on and a turn off. Shop and find the cut and style that's most flattering to you. The design is important too. The best tan on the beach can often be uninteresting if there's an unflattering swimsuit attached.

AH MEN is a name very familiar to most of us. In fact, I'd say that many Angelenos have at least one swimsuit from Ah Men. Well, you may want to pick up a couple more before summer.

SAWDUST AND SWIMWEAR

by Ron Casper
photography by Dave Sands

Page 3

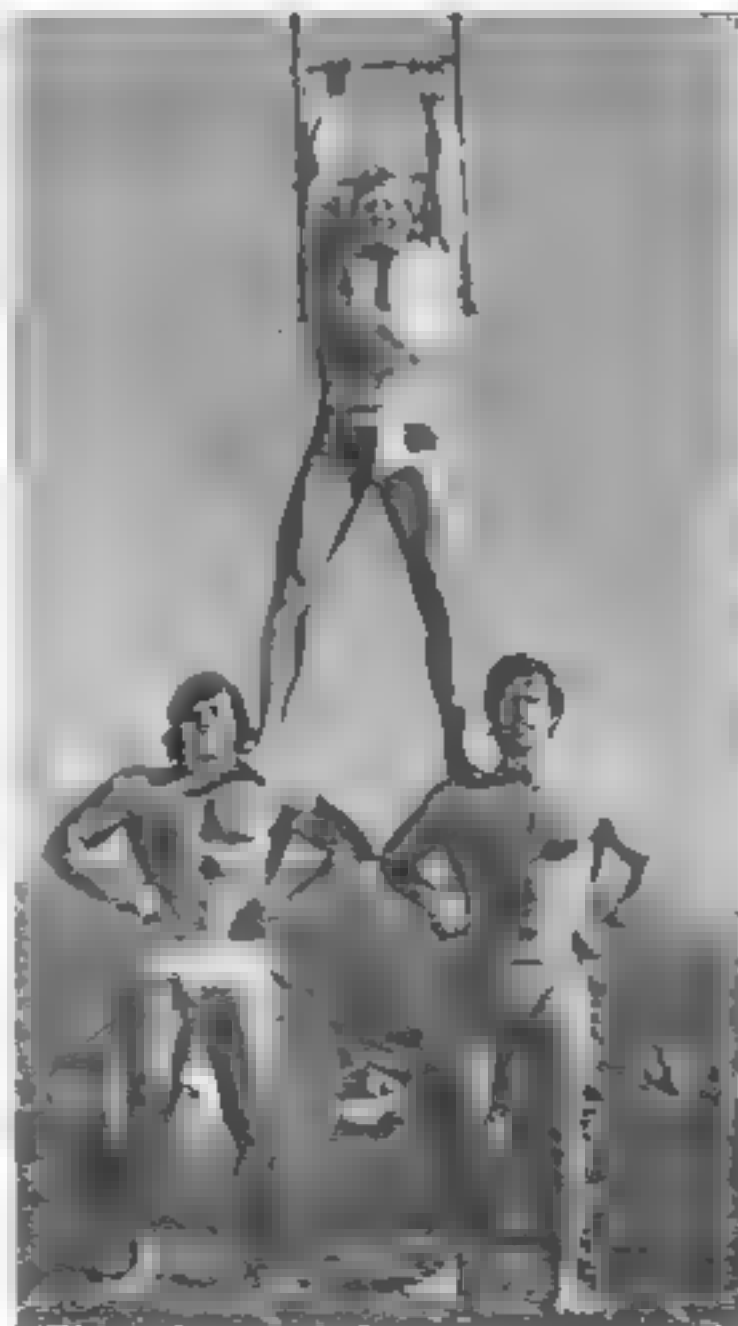
Hanging in space, Gary wears a giraffe-like geometric boxer print from Ah Men.

Above

Doug wears a white slingshot polyester doubleknit by That Look, a floral snap bikini in exciting screen print helanca from Ah Men dresses David; and Ah Men's wet-look bikini in all cre nylon with elastic waist in blue or purple suits Gary.

Right

Three from That Look. David is packed into a short-rise double-knit two-color combo with a gift package look; Gary sports a two-color short boxer with contrasting stitching; while Doug has a gingham look in a pouched bikini with half-inch side buckles.



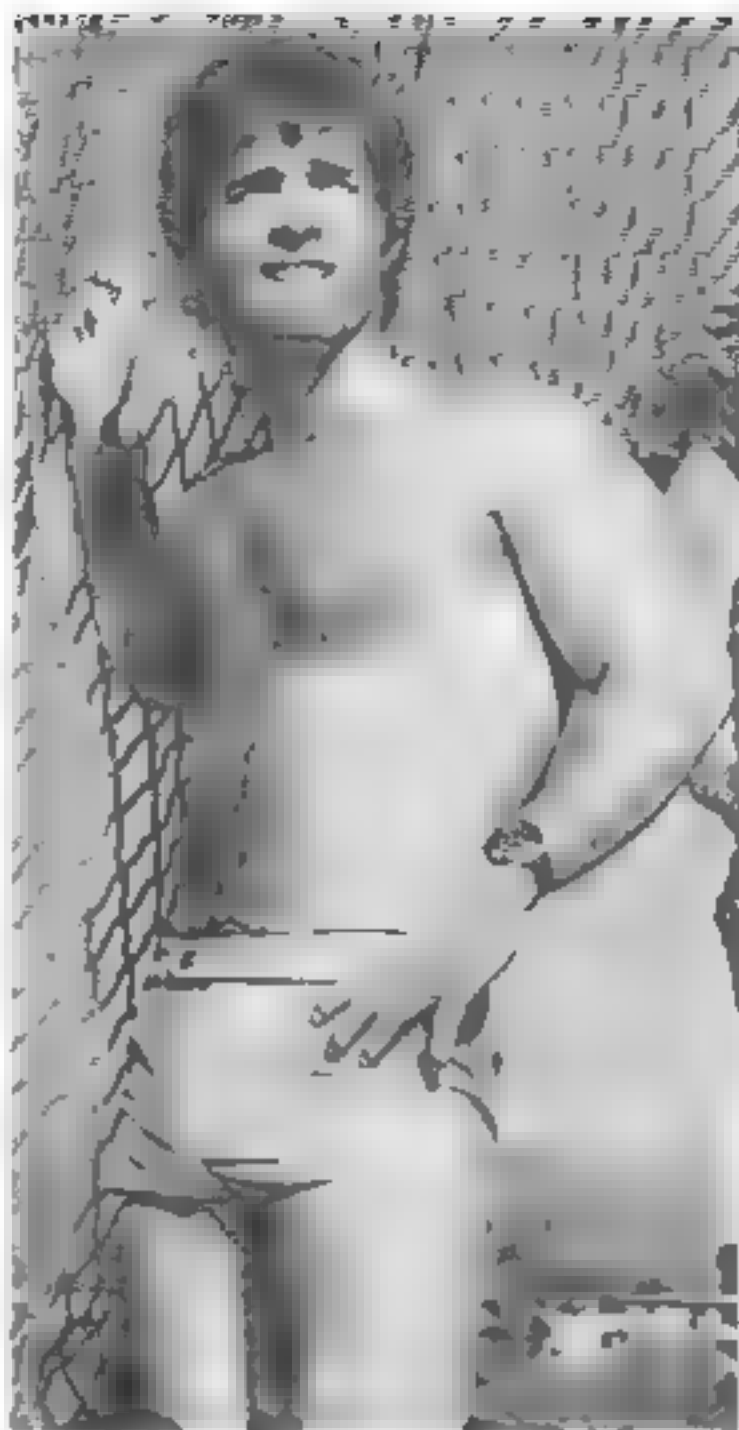
The selection is better than ever. The main store, in case you haven't seen it, is located at 8900 Santa Monica Blvd., in West Hollywood. A very charming man named Don Cook keeps things running there and invites you to come in and see their new line of swim and beachwear. They also have a second shop at 2716 Griffith Park Blvd. in the Mayfair Shopping Center.

THAT LOOK has a class and style that few small shops manage to create. Fritz, Mr. That Look, is very witty and full of life. His suave accent could sell the Brooklyn Bridge to Venice and his shop is full of some of the newest fashions I've seen. That Look is in Silver Lake at 2512 Hyperion Blvd. You'll notice it immediately by the cleverly done windows. Stop in and say hello to Fritz and you're certain to end up finding something you absolutely must have.

Remember the circuses from those childhood days? Well, we thought that the excitement that circuses conjure up would be a perfect backdrop for excit-

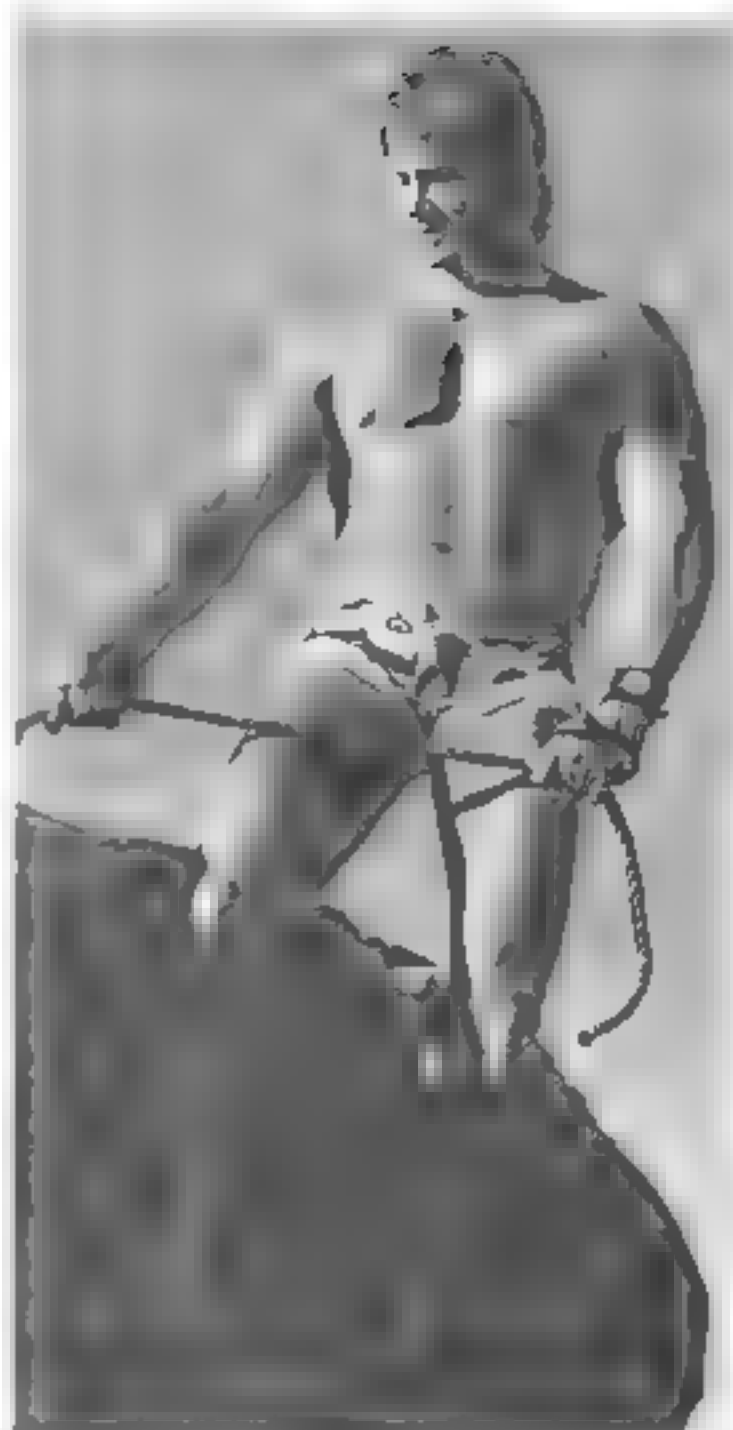
Right

The Ah Men suit in long-life dacron poplin, fully lined, hidden zipper fly, low-rise styling, button front tab with contrasting waistband piping. A classic style that looks classy on Doug.



Far Right

A real eye-catcher from Ah Men catches Gary in a stretch geometric floral print, semi-seethrough, low-rise boxer of spandex nylon.



Below

David's two-piece beach outfit from Ah Men is of cire black nylon with a like leather look. A short-rise box in double-knit with applique from That Look is appliqued to Doug while Gary sports a helanca box with screen-printed cartoons from Ah Men.





Right

Spandex nylon, low-rise, semi-seethrough, stretch floral print boxer snugly fits David and Gary wears an accent pouch bikini brief in all nylon (the inset pouch in a wild print offers out-front support). Doug dons a side panel swimsuit in helanca nylon in solid colors with assorted side stripes. All are from Ah Men.

Left

Doug shows a short-rise brief in double-knit polyester. The suit is white with a blue seagull trim from That Look. J.L. Seagull, eat your heart out! A brief of contrasting solids from Ah Men suits David and a not-too-far-out look. Gary is all dressed in That Look's red and blue mattress ticking combination beach set.

Below

Terry boxer swimwear suits David just fine. The suit has cartridge buttonfront trim in soft velour terry, comes in assorted colors and is from Ah Men.

ing swimwear. It was wonderful. Its mystery and laughter can be heard even before entering the grounds. The sawdust smell lingers and the animals make their familiar noises. Our IN TOUCH models had great fun being part of the magic for the day.

Gary Brandenburg is a 28-year-old, six-foot-one, 195-pound hunk of man. He has blond hair and blue-green eyes. He enjoys all water sports, mountain climbing, hiking, and has become a very good wrestler. But Gary has more than just good looks and a smooth personality. He is currently coordinator of the Nu Clear Universal Foundation, a higher awareness group in Hollywood. The group has considerable respect and support with Clint Walker as honorary chairman and none other than Miss Mae West as its First Lady. Quite impressive people, but then the Foundation is pretty impressive too.

David Carter is a competitive bodybuilder. He is five feet nine and weighs

190. He has a 46-inch chest, 30-inch waist, 18-inch arms and is the first to tell you so. David is into motorcycles and owns two of them. He also enjoys mountain climbing and told us that he once climbed a 23,000-foot mountain in Argentina which puts him pretty high up. He exercises daily and is in training for the Mr. America contest later this year. David lives at the beach in Venice.

Doug Alexander is a welcome new face in IN TOUCH. He's an actor and does a lot of free-lance modeling. His hobbies are scuba diving and boating. He also teaches scuba diving classes. Everyone got his snorkel? He travels with the jet set to such fabulous places as Acapulco and other retreats of that fast-moving group. You'll soon be seeing Doug in some upcoming television show and perhaps in your dreams. He's really got whatever it is that makes a man virile.

So, grab one of these and swim for your life.





Above

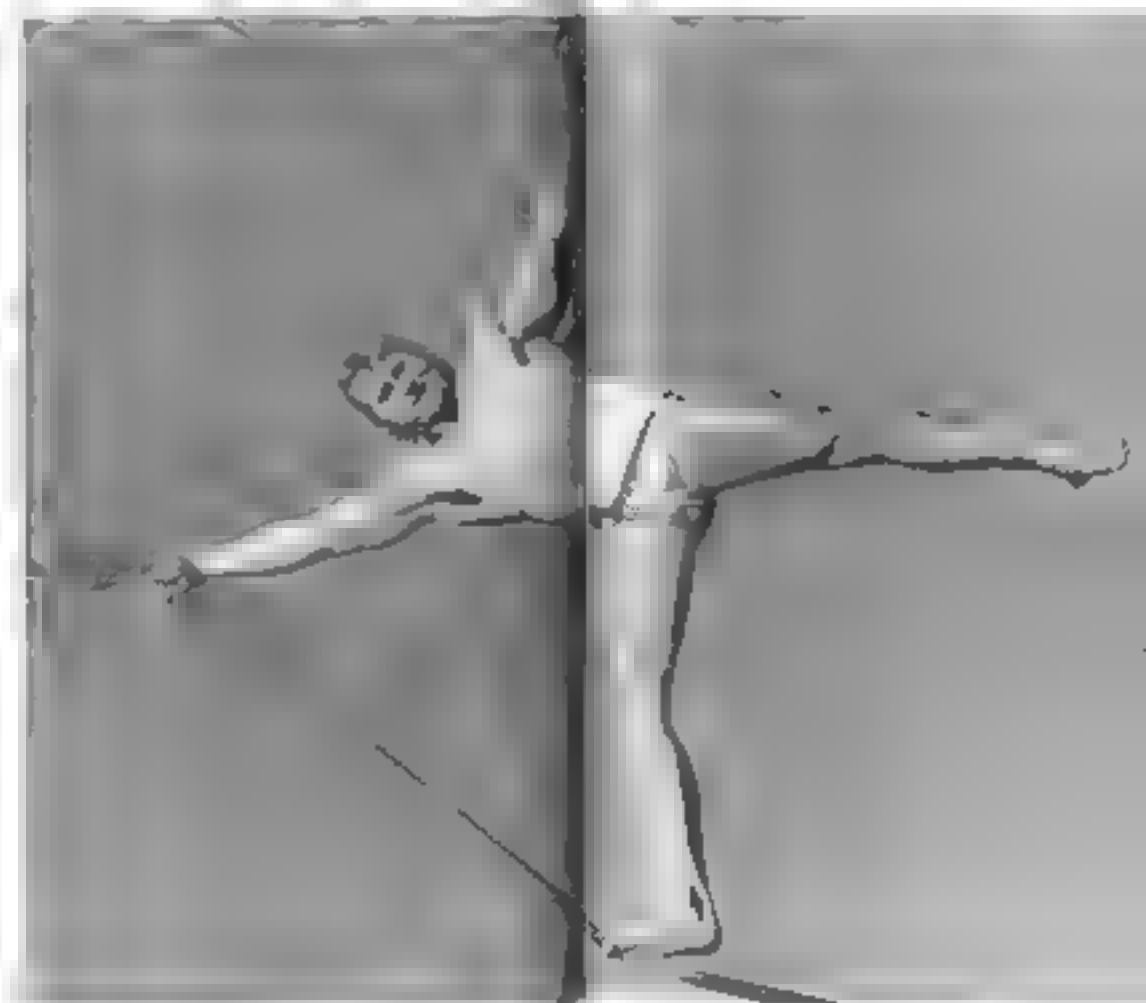
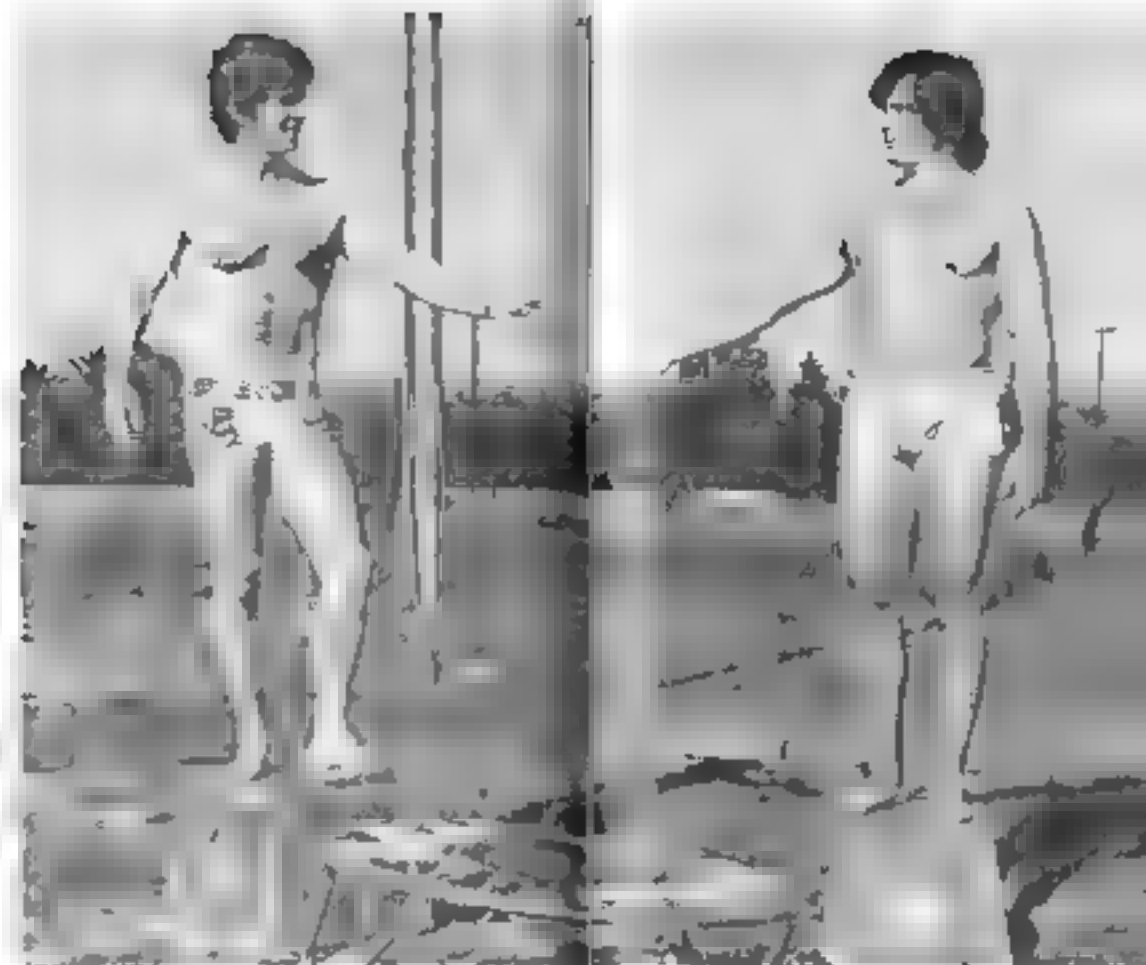
A jersey bikini wraparound in one piece from That Look is wrapped around David. Doug sports a pouched bikini with one-inch interlocking brass buckles and full seat coverage by That Look. Also from That Look is Gary's short-rise double-knit brief in a two-tone combination and button decoration

Left

The Racer, a low-rise boxer in fast-drying nylon tricot, is worn by David. This Ah Men number is decorated in contrasting side ribbon trim with vented legs for free movement. Doug wears The Roper, a two-color design from That Look. The front is draped with rope trim for a very sexy look. Ah Men presents Gary in a helenca, low-rise boxer with pockets.

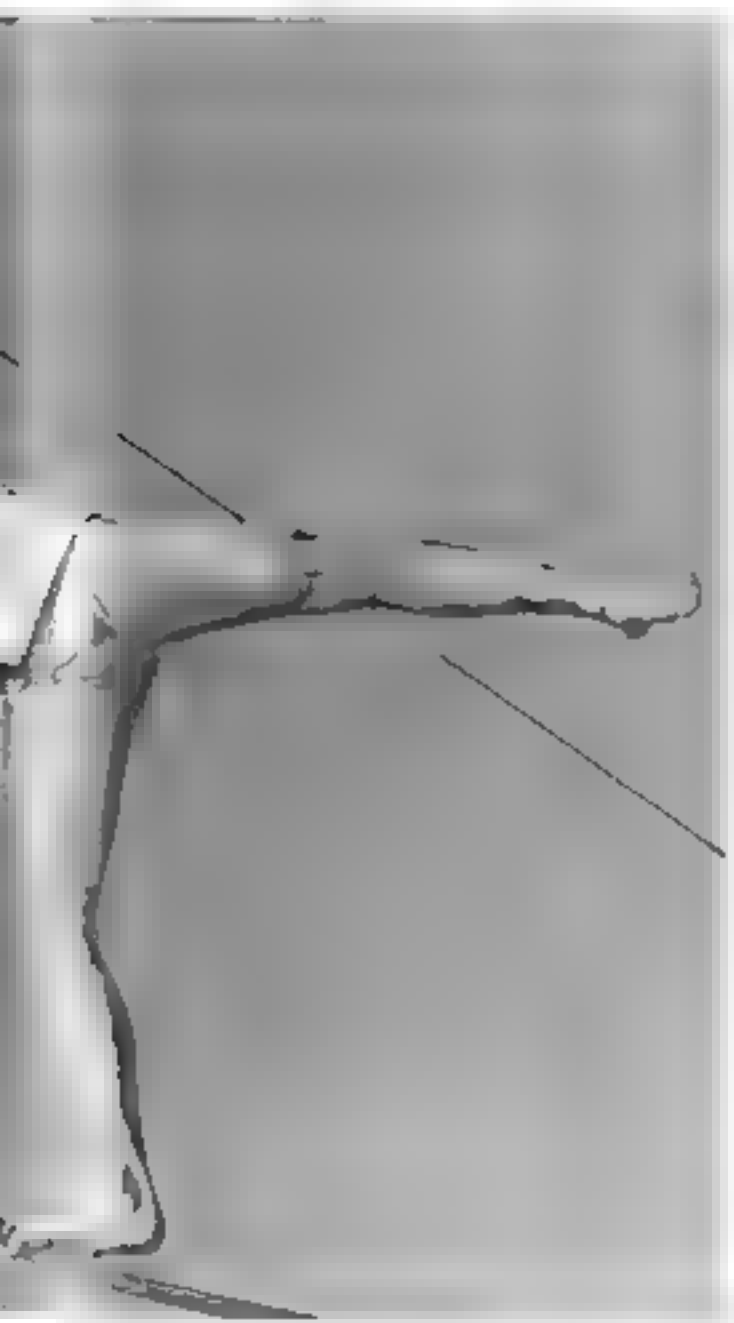
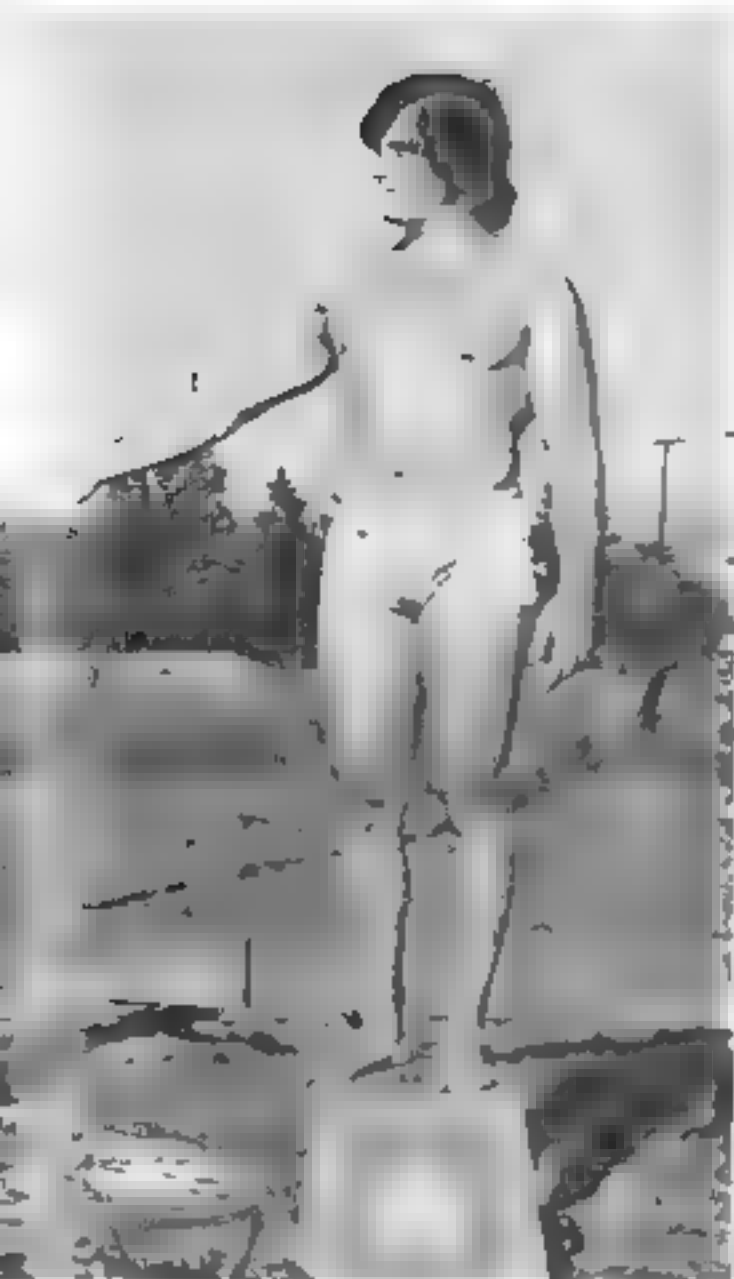


Above
Black and white, shiny, briefs with adorned trim and a high-cut, pink dress. Gaby, fine and from the 1940s.

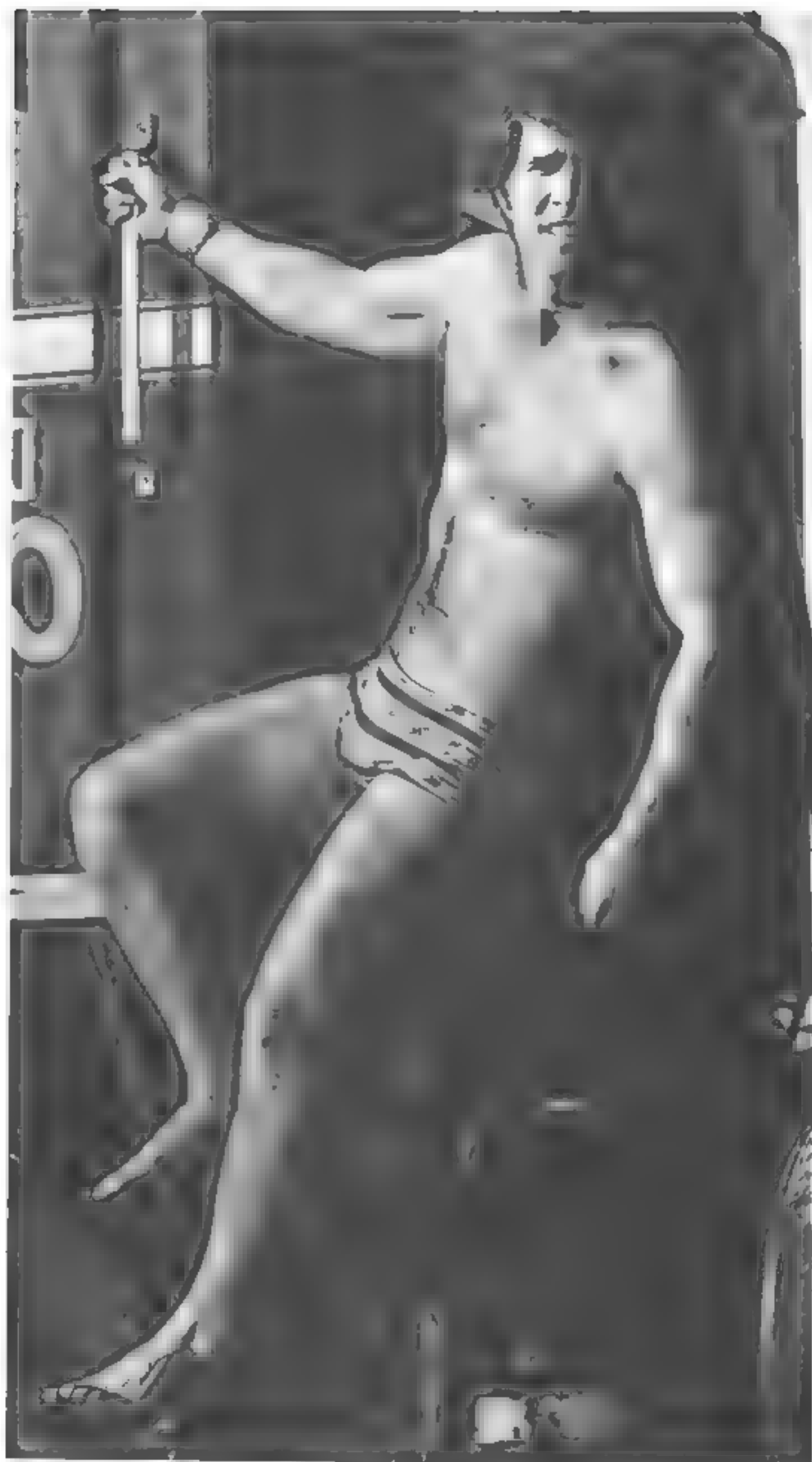


Above Top
The woman's short, the boy with con-
trasting pink and her girl Dany
that look and returns the compi-
ment with the downie-knit boxer
with appropriate in-ear colors.

Above Bottom
Look and Gaby present a square-
rankrop in chavazette and a wrap-
up bikini, both of which come in
violet colors.



Love Bottom
*That Look and Gary present a square-
 topped tanktop in chavazette and a wrap-
 around bikini both of which come in
 assorted colors.*



Above
*Stars and stripes forever in red, white,
 and blue on this nylon brief from Ah
 Men. Sure looks great on Doug*

OPPRESSION?

Gay activists often talk about "oppression." They preach about it, giving it the emotional content that "Communism" once had in the Fifties or that "racism" has in the present. In some cases this emotional content obscures the rational validity of the word just as it did with "Communism." Instead of seeing a competing socio-economic system driven by nationalism, we in the Fifties tended to see "Innate Evil" with God Himself threatened. The use of the word "oppression" is supposed to coalesce the gay community, giving it a militant rally-catchword. Its indiscriminate use is similar to that of racism which has become a dirty word . . . a mindless accusation of moral weakness used by any racial minority against all others who don't agree with their point of view . . . a focus for hate instead of a word describing a view of life which sets up the inherent traits of a given race as superior to all others.

Gay radicals and militants who cry oppression usually view most of our institutions as anti-gay. More, they see them as all negative. (I'd say "black" but I don't want to be called a racist!) Nowhere is there a redeeming feature . . . not in the police, not in the courts, not in the business world. Of course government is rejected as oppressive . . . as are all government leaders. All steps forward taken by any of these organizations in their ponderous enlightenment are considered as failures, halfway sops, or deceit. I have a radical gay friend who insists that no policeman can be warm and human. He writes broadside sheets which so state. They have their effect. But what is that effect? Is it the Senator Joe McCarthy effect? As a matter of fact, what is oppression?

I offend my gay activist friends when I say I don't feel oppressed. I recognize that the prevailing social climate is one that puts down the slightest deviation from its norm. I can see this putdown on all sides. I do deviate. The putdown has touched me and I don't like it. But I don't *feel* oppressed. It is not part of my nature to so feel, nor of the nature of many thousands of others in all probability. And there's a primary definition of the quality of oppression— it's subjective. It is the way that you interpret the events of your life that determine whether to you they are negative or positive, destructing or learning, oppressive or releasing.

Perhaps my own story will illustrate: As a young man I felt the guilty pangs of what I knew to be my "sick" preference for my own sex. I "knew" because that is what I had been taught automatically. I mar-

ried, ignoring my preference, because I thought that it was my "duty" . . . oh yes. There was a very strong social pressure to please my parents, to produce grandchildren for them and to conform to their unspoken but clearly demanded code of life. I asked myself consciously why I was doing this, but society then permitted no rational answers in this field. I suffered terrible guilt while leading the resultant double life. When this ended it was with agonizing slowness, fraught with periods of loneliness, despair and profound fear for my very beingness. Every step of my progress demanded an equal rejection of surrounding social values. To top it off, I was entrapped and arrested by police representing the epitome of society's very narrow view of morality.

One of my student friends expostulates: "What do you mean you aren't oppressed! You were arrested by entrapment, you said. It took till past 1968 [more than 20 years] to get your head together? What more oppression do you need? You lived fourteen years of hell? You're not oppressed? Don't you feel oppressed knowing that right now other students graduating from the university are going to get married knowing inside they are gay, and repeat your mistakes? Isn't their oppression yours?"

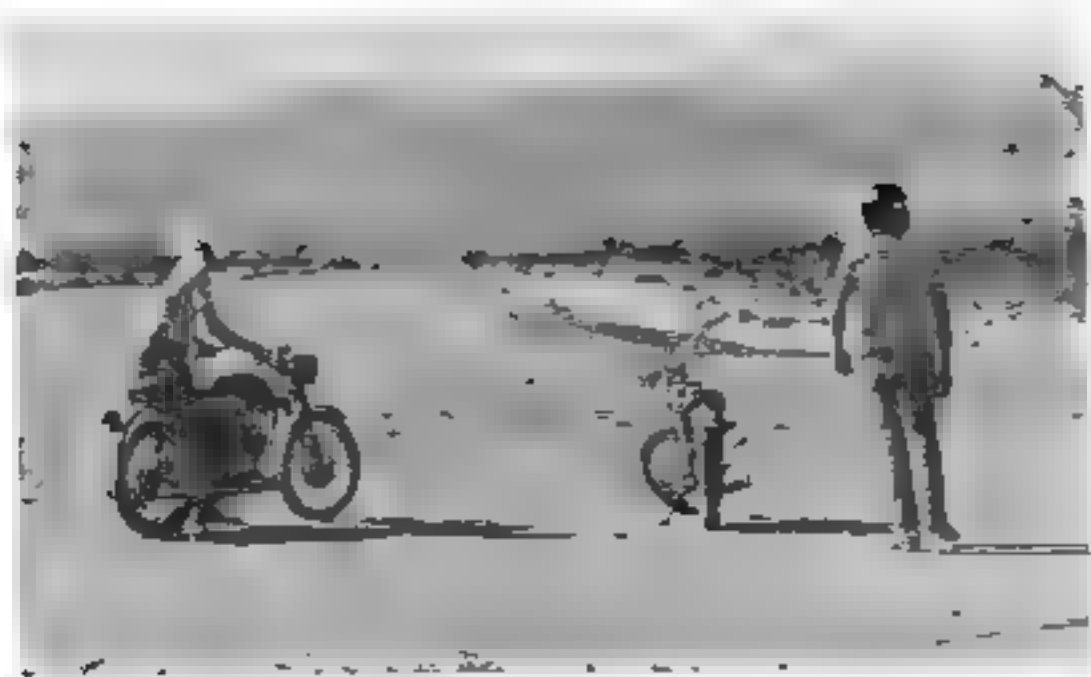
No. Their oppression is not mine. I may have a responsibility as a person to not contribute to their oppression; but I have no responsibility to suffer it as they do, to react to it as they do, to get angry about it as they do. I know intellectually that others are suffering experiences similar to mine and being embittered by them. I know intellectually that the social forces causing these experiences are unjust manifestations of the worst in humankind.

I know that those people administering the legal interpretation of these manifestations abuse their power and authority, often cruelly, as do ordinary people in the day-to-day expression of their prejudices. I know that the result is more often than not a sense of heaviness or obstruction in the mind and body that weighs on the gay person, threatening always to destroy him and usually maiming him. But I also know that the result has neither destroyed nor embittered me. What appeared to be maiming has actually been the spur to personal growth. That it has been so for me, indicates the probability that it can be so for others.

At no time have I personally felt oppressed . . . not when I realized my mistake in marrying, nor when I

Continued on Page 62





leisure

by Hugh Roberts
photos by Bud McGinnis

DIRT BIKING

Lots of the out and out fun of dirt biking is simply the pure surprise of it—you never know what you're going to run across—or, in some cases, unless you're careful, even over. In its most refined, esoteric terms, it might be regarded as the classic man-against-nature struggle. I know this is how most bikers see it when they are asked why they do it. In the instance of dirt biking, anyway, with a little help from a machine, man usually wins the old struggle.

To begin their little trek, Jim and Roy set out to find a suitable off-the-road area to run. This may sound like the easiest thing in the world since California is still so full of wide open spaces. Anywhere north of Los Angeles, or south, or east? All those miles and miles of barren desert land? Well, no, not really. It's not quite that simple. For one thing, many bikers have left badly scarred land and buildings in most, or at least many, of the areas that once welcomed them. Granted it is kind of hard to control those big bikes when you take off across country and most especially when you have a bad spill. Still, we have to admit that many guys given to bikes seem a bit destructive, but perhaps no more so than society at large, particularly since the advent of the weekend camper, to which jumbled row upon row of scrawled graffiti across the natural wonder of huge rocks and canyon walls can attest. Of course, bikers do have one big disadvantage—all that noise! It can send the most timid scurrying back to the safe shelter of quiet Ford

and Mazda. Also doing the casual weekend biker no good are all those super lurid, super gross American International bike flicks of the Sixties. Funny, it seems that now all you have to do is stick some nice kid-next-door-type on a bike, and according to about half of the people in the country, he re-materializes as some sort of hairy hulk, half sadist and half Heli's Angel. Funny? No, sad.

The very real idea of not wanting their property wrecked and the very unreal idea that everyone astride a bike is some horrible hoodlum has made finding a place to cut loose, let it out, and get it on, just a touch difficult. Those big areas of isolated desert do offer lots of opportunity, but you'll have to take the time and look with care. For example, you cannot bike in the National Forest or on almost any other government-owned land. Many other areas, privately owned, are posted with big emphatic signs, stating without reservation: NO BIKERS! Roy and Jim ran into more than their share of these: Keep Out, No Trespassing, and sometimes, NO ANYTHING! However, that urge to run, to have a sort of rushing kinship with the elements, to create the wind, to run and meet nature's own, and perhaps even to better it, is just too strong. So—they looked. And looked. And, finally, after turning off the main highway in the far reaches of the desert onto a long, seemingly never used, bumpy road, still faced with an endless string of "NO" signs, they at last headed over

a small hill, along a faint semi-trail they barely found, barely saw, and found success.

The van containing the bikes bumped them down into a stretch of flat sandy desert. On the opposite side were a few hilly runs to be run, a number of nice rolling slopes to be whizzed over and lots of space in which to buzz around. The guys hopped out and unhooked the bikes from their secure rope anchorings in the van's rear.

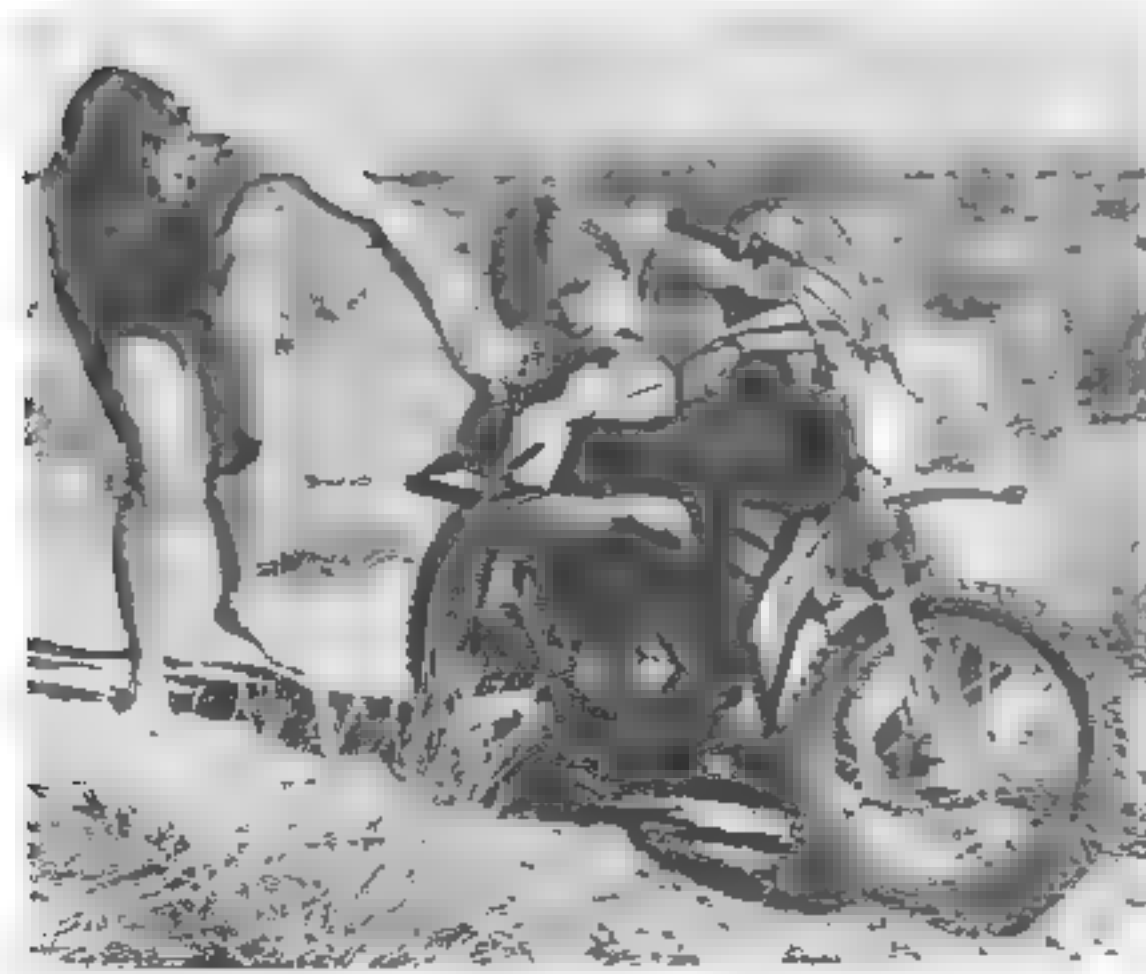
If by now you find your own bike tugging at your pant's leg, wanting a little joustabout in the open spaces, and you know you're going to give in to this particular nature call, by all means DO look into either renting or borrowing a van if you don't already have one, or even one of those functional bike trailers. You'll find them absolutely necessary since most of the dirt bikes are somewhat slow on the open highway and very hard to maneuver on the hard, unyielding concrete and asphalt. In fact, most dirt bikes are licensed to run only off public roadways. Any attempt to give one of these a quick try on the road is simply asking for a quick bust. Police do keep an eye on bikers, all bikers. It's getting to the point where it's dangerous to ride a tricycle past a police station.

For a few rugged individuals, a whole weekend spent zipping across the uncharted, or at least unpaved, countryside might really be terrific, but if you, like I, are a novice, then one long afternoon is enough. It does take its toll—nicks, cuts, scrapes, and lots and lots of little gouged black and blues—not to mention the unkindest hurt of all—bruised buns! Jim and Roy gleefully assured me that all this was just part of the fun. Oh well, each to his own. Those two ruggedeers wanted to do the whole number, with bedrolls, camping out in the desert, bonfires, and other romantic outdoorsy trips to help along that truly incredible freedom feeling. I am happy to say, however, cooler heads prevailed—mine. The soft warm beds in a convenient nearby motel were indeed welcome, at least to this poor, over-bumped body.

What I never realized is that dirt biking is a body contact sport. Indeed it is! Your body comes in contact with the bike, with the ground a lot, and if you're lucky like me, with various shrubs and sticky bushes. It goes without saying that a bit more preparation on my part would have avoided most of this. If you do find all this speeding freedom undeniable to yourself, find a friend who's pretty much up on his dirt biking to devote a little time to giving you a little help. Don't just assume, like I did, that because you know how to ride a bike, doing it in the dirt will be a snap. You just might find the snap echoing in your bones.

Roy and Jim had none of these inconvenient banged-up-body problems, or if they did, they didn't show them. As a matter of fact, those two carousers





seemed to have the natural ability to turn all or any anti-encounters right back around into their own advantage. It got to be a problem keeping one of the bikes going, and finally it conked out completely. After trying to tow one bike with the other, which got nowhere, these two came up with a perfectly workable solution: the buddy system—two guys on one bike. Believe me, this turned dirt biking into a real body contact sport—and was a hell of a lot more fun! I, of course, suggest you always take along a friend if you venture off the main thoroughfares into the wilds of California. Being alone in the great outdoor wilderness does offer some undefinable feeling of blessed aloneness and solitude. However, "Then Came Bronson" notwithstanding, alone and injured can be tragic.

While doubling on one bike does severely limit your hill climbing, your speed and your maneuverability, it can have distinct advantages. Even with the limitations of two-on-a-bike, Jim and Roy did manage to capture whatever "chase the wind" thing they were after. Trading off turns on the bike, they soloed. Finally, in slow lazy circles on the sand, both astride the same bike, they met their challenges. In heeding the call of the screaming bike, they managed to do it without wanton destruction, causing very little ecological upset. Here and there small audiences of desert denizens collected, regarded the two with jaundiced gazes, asked, or demanded perhaps, through their beady eyes not to be crowded out. Only once, when they ran a little too close to a previously claimed bit of desert, the whirred warning of a rattler said its say, and the boys complied, hastily.

After a few hours of racing, jumping, skidding, sand wheelies, and other bike pleasures, the frenetic energy began to ebb. Not even their newly discovered buddy system could regain those high rushes of instant windborne pleasure. Jim and Roy decided it was time to go. Since both were bikers of experience, they knew that riding when you're tired is asking for an accident. After one more long, slow turn across the desert floor between the hills—bidding goodbye to lifelong friends a whole afternoon old, and promising to return—the bike brought them back to the van. Both bikes were hoisted up, pulled in, and securely tied for our journey back to that "NO" filled civilization. I guess the end of pleasure always brings excited rushes of loud regret for before we'd gone even a hundred yards they were both laughing over this or that mishap and shouting out in happy voices an endless stream of do-you-remembers. How long their happy-shout conversation continued, I'll never know. You see, I meet ended pleasure that incorporates weary in a very uncivilized way. Within the same hundred-yard stretch, I was sound asleep.





discovery

DAVID MILLER THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED...

by Hugh Harrison
with photography by the author

Here I sit with the proofs of David Miller after my photo session. There looking back at me is the charming young man with whom I just spent one rainy afternoon, talking and taking pictures. The camera only confirms what my eyes first told me. It's absolutely amazing how much information about this handsome young lad comes rushing out at you from something as simple as a set of photographs. The not-quite boy, and still, the not-quite, yet grown-up quality tends to leave everyone who comes into contact with David . . . well, I guess stunned would be the best way to describe it—in a very pleasant and enduring way. It really is David's visual image that tells the whole of David, talking to him is almost a soliloquy—he only watches and watches with an amused half smile and YOU end up doing most of the talking.

I did get all the regular background information. born in England, just south of London; the son of a British mother and an American Air Force father; the youngest of three children—an older brother and sister; displaced before he started to school, they moved to this country, to Indiana. David found adjusting to this strange new land very hard. Don't you believe for a moment that just because we speak nearly the same language, that there aren't communication barriers. Little David's prim English ways, coupled with his funny clipped accent, did not exactly endure him to his new schoolmates, the standard American rowdy variety. He was soon in trouble, and found that's where he constantly remained, even at that young age. To be able to endure childhood's

childish tortures—the most severe and cruel of any—he found two simple escapes. The first was just keeping quiet, a habit that's endured well past those years, and the other was remembering . . . remembering happier, better times. Funny, isn't it, how we all find and hold on to some little memory that not only just encases the past, but finally, literally, becomes it. For David Miller, it was and still is rose gardens . . . those neat, fragrant, formal, typically English rose gardens that dot the countryside.

"Every time I think of there [England], all I can clearly remember is walking in them [the rose gardens] with my mother "

To understand all the connotations of that economically worded statement—one of very few statements—you must see it as well as hear it. The phrase "Body Language" could have been invented for David Miller.

The rest of my notes of the interview with David are nothing but pages of paper with no words on them at all.

To really fully understand him is, perhaps, impossible. In order to even begin understanding you must first learn to separate reality from reality . . . his from yours and both from everyone else's everyday variety. Reality for David is whatever he wants it to be, at whatever particular moment. A childhood such as his, carefully and well-learned escapes, matures itself in very strange ways. Happily, he accomplished his maturation in a different, still acceptable, very charming manner. Part of it is accomplished with one silent an-

swer, an unspoken "Guess," said with just a flash of the eyes, half laughing and half mocking to every question. With almost anyone else this could be absolutely infuriating, not so with David. He manages it all with a great deal of shy charm, putting into full play that body language, stifling your furious fury. From him . . . well . . . somehow it all fits. It is, after all, only his mouth that quick clips those few words out. His eyes do him in, followed in rapid succession by a slight shift of the shoulders . . . ushering in the language of his body, beaming out its own clear unmistakable message. It speaks in layered reality. The reality of the body covering, yet still complementing that other reality, the one of only words.

All this quiet reflection, this reserved reserve, again only adds to the total picture, the charm, and you get the somewhat uneasy feeling that a small, bright-faced, young Englishman is trying desperately to get out of some self-imposed prison . . . that carefully trained and controlled body that it can't quite completely command. You sit watching that body vibrate out its messages, all the ones David won't even admit to his conscious self. It's "... I don't know . . . I'm afraid . . ." time. It's sure not what he says, but the way he . . . reacts, first to your questions and then to

his own answers, that ultimately becomes David Miller. You find yourself wanting to reach out—to touch—to reassure, but you have been firmly eye-told that all those things just won't make it. So you attempt to send those messages back along his own lines of acceptable communication. Of course, you can't be sure your own vibes are being received, and/or if they are, whether or not they're working. You can only HOPE.

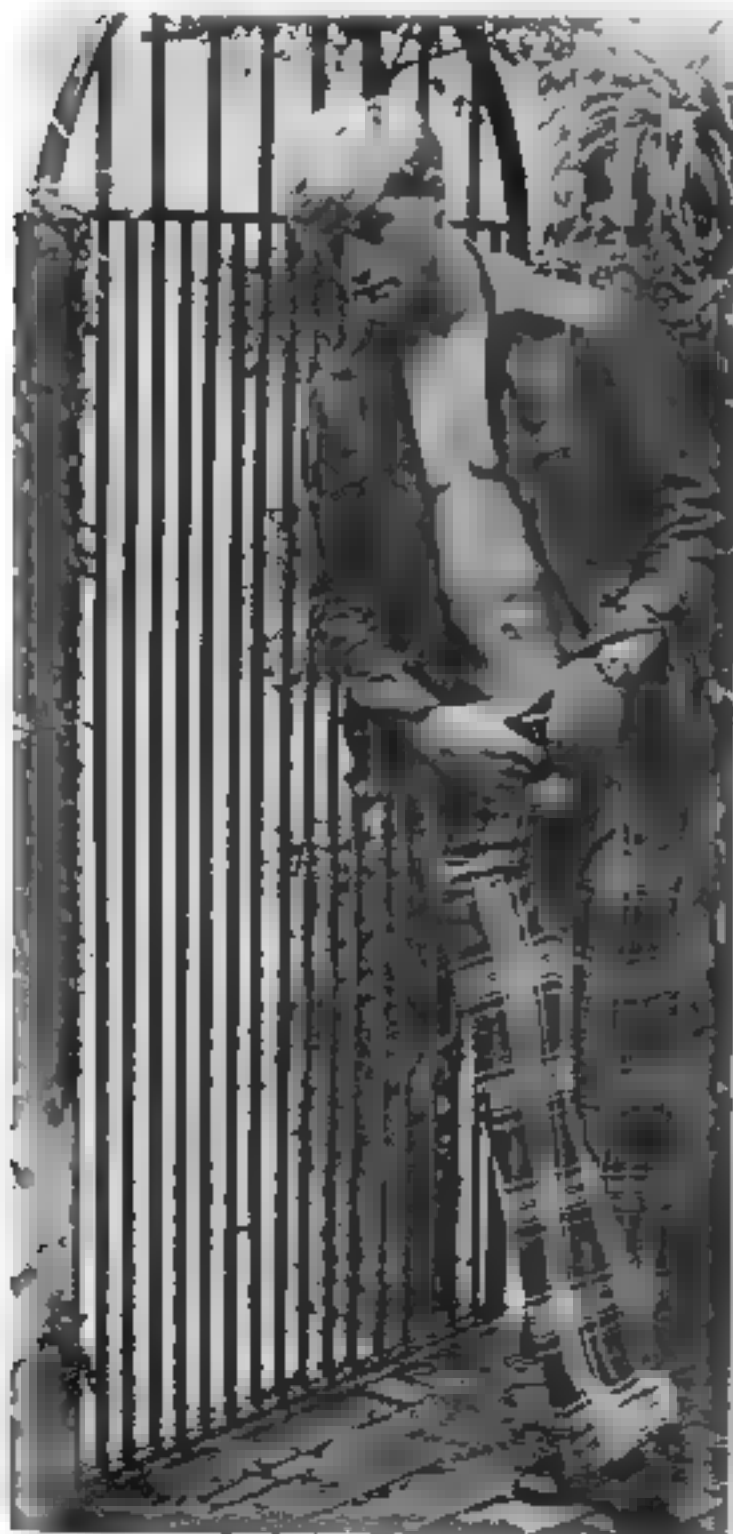
Bits and pieces of tentative information slowly, almost painfully, are brought to his surface. His eyes cloud with some half-recalled hurt as some invisible shudder ripples over his physical being. His eyes drop.

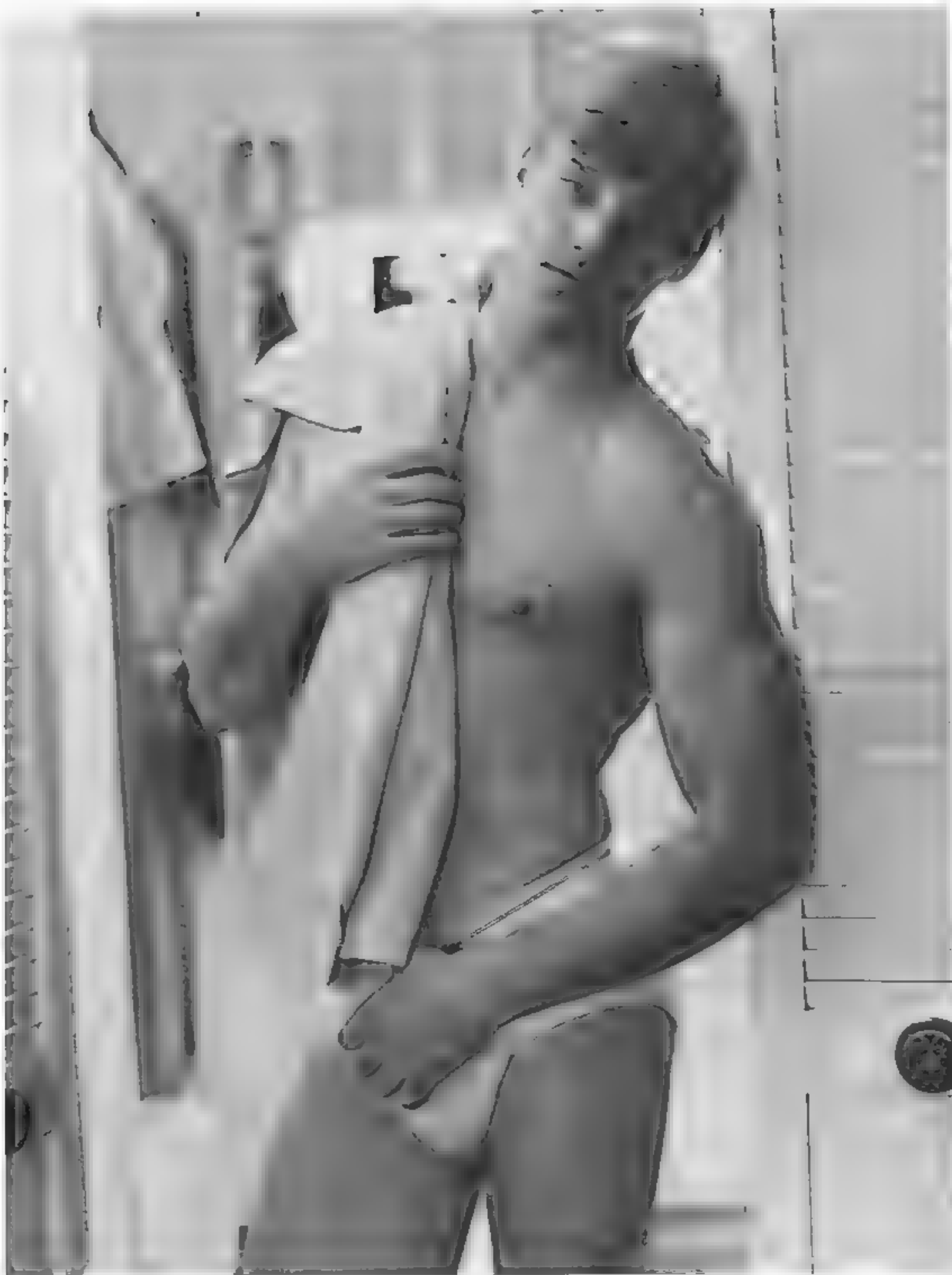
"I was always in . . . trouble when I was a kid."

One simple statement, said simply, but his body speaks volumes . . . of the fights, of withdrawal, of need . . .

"I remember, once I threw a rock and broke a window. I don't even know why."

VIBRATIONS! "LOOK at ME! NOTICE me! Need me! Want me!" And a very small, very sad little boy, desperately in need of attention, makes his way up through David's head to his face, and stares out at you petulantly from behind those eyes. It becomes immediately apparent that the well-controlled, well-modulated body can't quite control, and ultimately



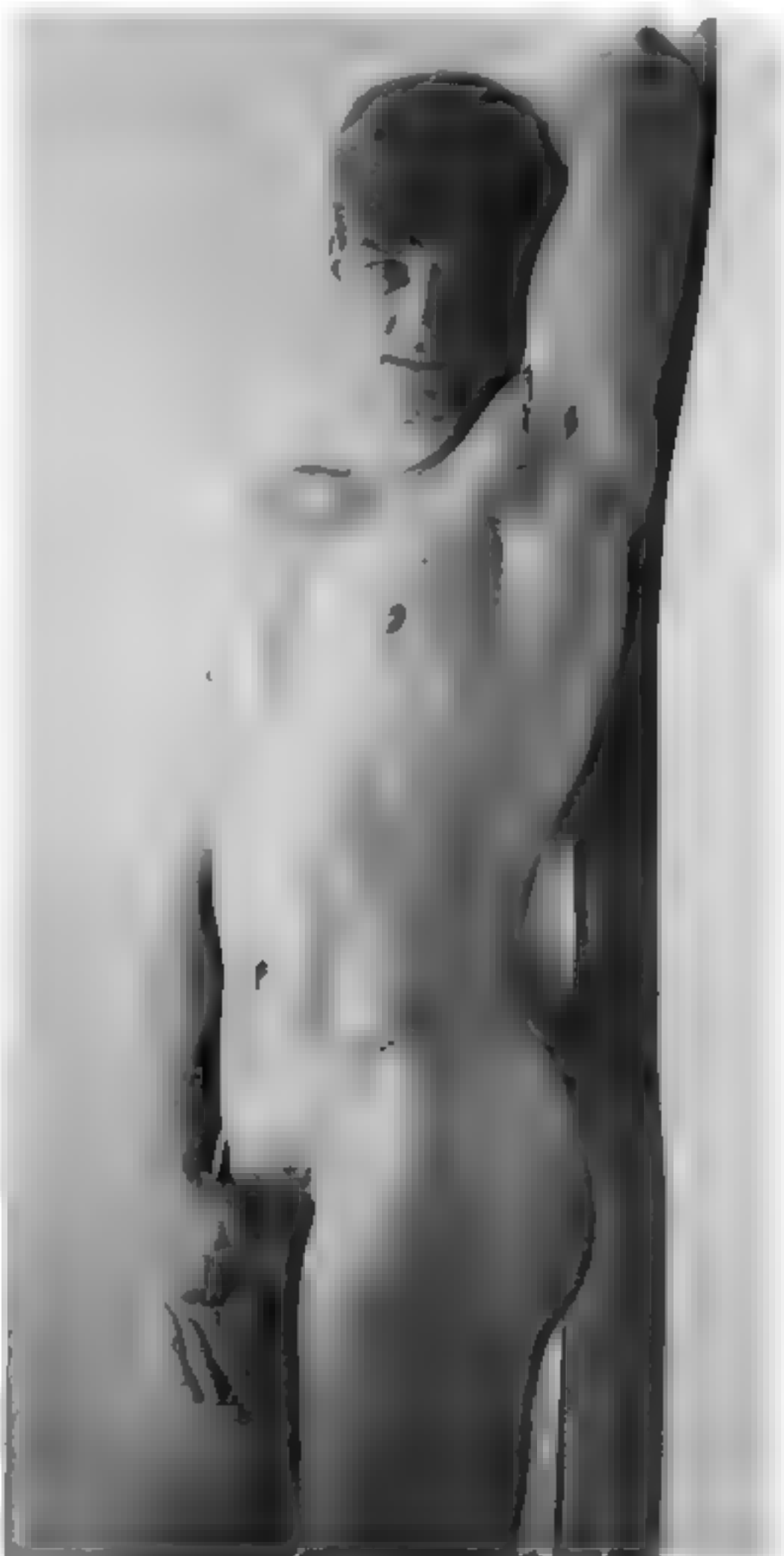


train, that eager want-to-know mind. Unrelated thoughts push out, forming disconnected sentences, leaving between them distant spaces of time and rhythm, and of place and feeling.

Finally, the body silently screams out ... "ENOUGH! ENOUGH!" He forcibly returns himself to the now and present, and its unrelated reality. His now and present is as a Lance Corporal in the Marine Corps, stationed at Camp Pendleton, working there in the motor pool. He accepts this position or fate or numb two-year stretch of feelinglessness with a resigned shrug. When asked if he'd ever think of reenlisting, a cold unemotional "NO" is very carefully laid out before you. Its coldness is strongly underlined by a stiffening of his body and a sharp penetrating gaze

right into the very tongue that asked that prying question. WARNING! No more questions about the corps. This is an un-involvement to mark time. You realize no more questions are necessary because you know now that whatever it was he wanted, whatever it was he was hoping/seeking to find, there in the Marines, was simply not to be found for him. His lack of response, an unwillingness to answer any further questions along these lines is unmistakably flashed out via the eyes and the body. You let it rest, and it lays there like some lump undigested by words. Silence ensues.

A small voice from somewhere inside yourself begins nagging at you, telling you to act fast before you lose control, before the enigma returns to reclaim any



semiexposed reality and blanket it with all its own don't-hurt-me's. SO . . . you put on your very best reassuring smile, trying once again to catch his lines of communication and pull him back to some sort of word contact.

"Hey, what do you plan to be, I mean what do you plan to do when you get out?"

You've hit something! His body rearranges all its electric impulses and crackles out messages to you, thick and fast, of fame and acceptance. All the time, boldly stating a need to keep those self-same admirers at a safe distance—except, maybe, now and then, if just one someone could truly really understand . . . or need. . .

A few words resonate out, telling of an earlier found dedication to sports, culminating in high-school as football. Here, he became what he sought in some undefinable reaching-out way, that strange American dream—The Football Hero. It was also here a hard taskmaster first reared its head . . . his own I'll show-'em self. Once again that body underlines and restates his words, not so much with its language as before, but just by its being—solid, well-trained muscle. By now you've begun to get a small glow of . . . what? . . . remembered involvement? No. It's more like remembered contact. You can see it all there vividly in the eyes and the body. That physical contact, no matter how furtive, and known only in body-sports . . . that being aware of such contact without involvement, without having to lay yourself open to additional hurt and, therefore, anger, must have

worked well for David. His sports-self is brought to now, up to date, seeking still another, bigger dream . . . MR. AMERICA.

"What I'm really interested in right now is body-building."

A few more words fall out, all about spending all his spare time training, and things like schedules, size and type of weights, exercises and all such things budding Mr. Americas are heir to, but this mini-torrent of words are all obscured by his body . . . twisting and flexing, oiled and glowing, shining in some great spotlight, finally acknowledging the applause and accepting grand trophies. Then, exhausted, all his vibrated fantasy reality returns to back inside his head with one warm, dazzling smile. Gone—compressed into repression—is the unhappy child who sought silence as a shield against the heartless laughter of the other children. Now emerges a new and forceful David. One that is dedicated and hard-working, spurred on by that same master, the most cruel of all, the one that keeps him so consciously to his task—his own I'll-show-'em self

Christmas lights glow-on all over his face as he speaks of a current great adventure, meeting one of his particular favorites, Dave Draper, as well as the current Mr. America, Bob Birdsong. They DID it! So can I! He's sure of it. He knows he can! A quick look up at you, like some startled fawn. The face is absolutely passive, but the eyes and body are pleading for your understanding. You may not think this ambition is very much, but to David, it's EVERYTHING!





It truly is, you see, that first giant step out of himself and into a new David, a reassured David, a loved and admired David. He looks straight into your eyes for a long, long time—for decades it seems. Finally, a warm, warm smile breaks across his face. It may have really happened . . . some sort of contact with someone else may actually, finally, have been made. At least one thing is sure, David Miller HAS been noticed. A friendly warmth pervades as he confides in me his plans to return to Indiana and home and the snow for the holidays . . . expecting to find—what? Another small cloud starts to hover over his face and threatens to settle down in some dark damper, but, quickly, the crackling excitement of his plans—ALL his plans—now shared and, hopefully, understood, dispel all those darker thoughts in short order.

Beyond the venture into the Iron-Game? There seems to be no plans. But, wait . . . the body shuffles a touch uneasily. So . . . somewhere there, deep inside him, is something—but what? A casual mention of the entertainment industry—acting, TV commercials,

modeling—brings a quick halt to all the body/eye messages. He will only mumble—venture some vague plan about attending an—was that acting—school? What's happening? What is it? His old friend, fear? The mean one, the one of failure and unacceptance. Maybe, just maybe, it's his new friend . . . HOPE. I'll never really be sure. The total control of body and words and eyes is now much too strong. There's only that firm direct gaze at me from the now unreadable eyes. Perhaps . . . perhaps IF I had the time, or could take the trouble to go further, but carefully, very carefully, so as not to pry or meddle . . . perhaps then I could discover or even help. That's what David really needs. . . .

It will not be for me to take on this full-time task, for now we end our interview. I drop David off at the house of a friend where he's spending the weekend, free of all those strange, unspoken-of restrictions, imposed on him by the Marine Corps. Funny, true to form, he requests to be dropped off across the street from the house, instead of at the door, underlining that need for a sort of withdrawal space. As he turns to go, a small smile works its way across his face, tying happy little knots in his friendly mouth, but . . . there are NO WORDS. It doesn't matter, for behind his eyes is a bubbly, happy, and finally noticed young man, hopping quickly from foot to foot, waving madly. And here I sit, left alone with my pages of pages . . . cold and blank, which have nothing whatsoever to do with David Miller, but I do have the photographs which have everything to do with David.







In **ZARDOZ**, Sean Connery plays Zed, the 23rd Century rebel whose thought waves are projected by his captors (20th Century Fox—top left). Gene Wilder and Cleavon Little in a scene from Mel Brooks' **BLAZING SADDLES** (Warner Brothers—top right). English professor A. A. Bates perches on Richard O'Callaghan's desk and tries to distract his pretty protégé during **BUTLEY** (American Film Theatre—bottom left). Jacques Tati puts his all in trying to connect with a tennis ball in **PLAYTIME** (bottom center). Clifton Davis, in **LOST IN THE STARS**, is tried for the murder of a white man (American Film Theatre—bottom right).

IN TOUCH

GLORIA! GLORIA! *Zardoz* is a gem. *Zardoz* is a film. *Zardoz* is a gem of a film, a cel uloid jewel that refracts truth into a spectrum of fantasy. It is everything you ever wanted to know about everything. *Zardoz* casts humor and tragedy into new interchangeable roles. *Zardoz* is neither the question nor the answer; it is the whole equation. The joke is that you always suspected that you knew everything about everything and now *Zardoz* has been conjured up like a mirror for you to see yourself and no longer wonder why *Zardoz*!

It matters not if this is the greatest film ever made. *Zardoz* gives only what you bring to it.

"There are many here among us who believe that life is but a joke."

If you are psychologically ready for immortality, then be prepared to die laughing. If you do not know where all your infinite knowledge will lead you then be prepared for eternal suffering.

ZED may lead you to *Zardoz* but if he does he will never be the same. He rides a yellow brick road stained with blood. I should say no more.

The script and performances do not miss a single opportunity to split you open with laughter in Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*. This film is a cultural collision of crazy cards that jab you every other second; before you can recover from the previous convulsion you are jabbed again. No matter how sore your ribs get the script marches on, over, and

through a laugh riotous audience. The threat to sanity becomes obvious from the start and the members of the audience start leaning on each other and holding each other up to keep from rolling on the sticky floors, produced by all the Cokes that are thrown into the air from spasmodic reactions of over-tickle.

Blazing Saddles is a Hollywood western with every imaginable cliché, salted and dried with Jewish bite, peppered and spiced with black comic. What begins as a silly farce of a western melodrama winds and twists with wit and wisdom to hold up every little cliché for critical examination. The absurdity of Hollywood, the absurdity of American racial relations, the absurdity of it all is thrashed into confetti and stacked in sloppy cotton bundles of story line up



with films

John Wayne, as McQ—a cop in trouble, offers Colleen Dewhurst a little money (Warner Brothers—top left). Randy Quaid is led past the guard at the brig by Otis Young and Jack Nicholson as they begin *THE LAST DETAIL* (Columbia—top right). In *ALFREDO, ALFREDO*, Dustin Hoffman gets a special shampoo from Carla Gravina (bottom left). *CHARIOTS OF THE GODS* theorizes about the massive stone carvings on Easter Island (Sun International—bottom right).

until the climax. The inevitable fight scene between the "bad guys and politicians" and the "good townfolk and the sheriff" unexpectedly (not that anything is expected throughout the rest of the show) breaks loose into total madness. The film expands beyond even its own reality, making the fight scene more hilarious than *Mad, Mad, Mad World*.

The photography is adequate. If it would have been designed with anywhere as much imagination as the script, the result would have been a masterpiece. Consequently it is only the funniest show you will ever see. *Blazing Saddles* is the definition of a laugh riot. Thank you, Mel Brooks. Thank you, Richard Pryor. Thank you, Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, Slim Pickens, Harvey

Korman, Madeline Kahn and cast and crew. *Blazing Saddles* made me happy again

It is easy to imagine Harold Pinter's directorial debut of Simon Gray's *Butley* as an interesting exercise, a step toward conquering another art. What is difficult to imagine is that he should direct it consummately. What is even more difficult to imagine is how he could improve on this first time out.

Gray's *Butley*, as a play, exists on a level somewhere between *Boys in the Band* and Pinter's own plays—probably closer to Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*. Translated into Pinter's film, however, it takes on poetic imagery and terrifying isolation. It is far

more subtly and unobtrusively handled than any of the previous American Film Theater productions—which is no small accomplishment.

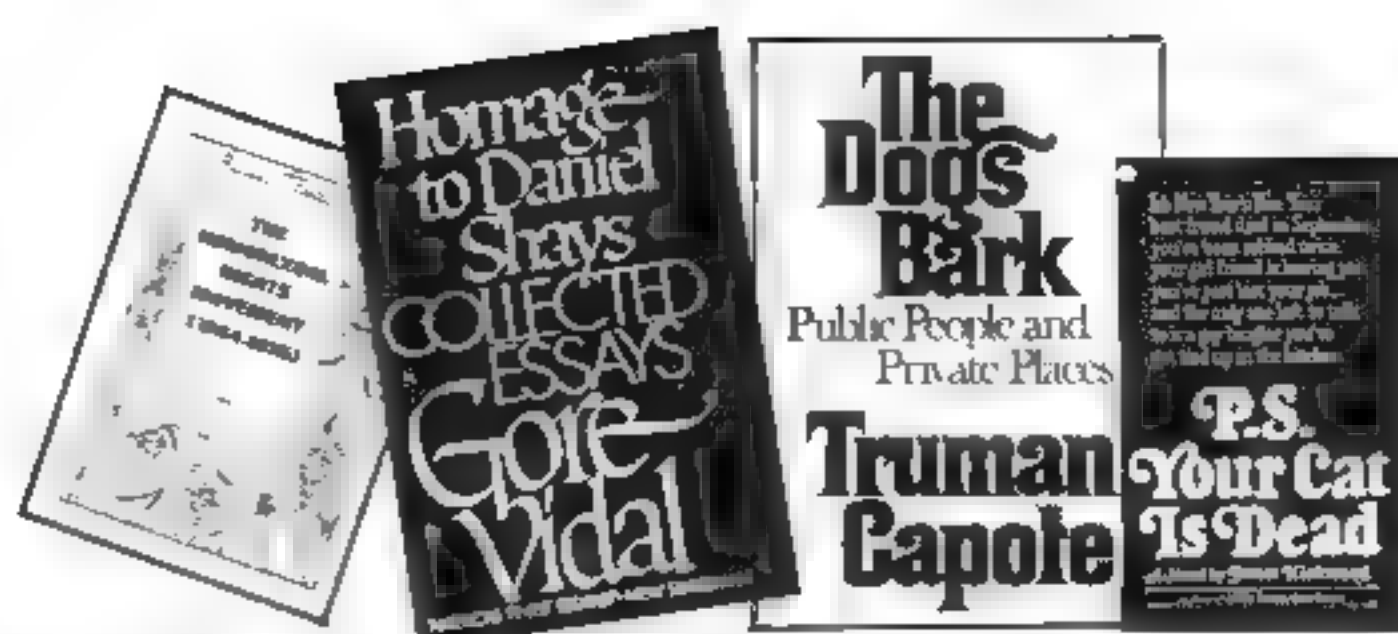
Ben Butley (Alan Bates in his best performance to date) is pathetic. He has fouled his nest and is incapable of leaving it. It is gritty stuff. In the beginning he is desperately lonely; in the end he is utterly alone. He exemplifies the existential anti-hero.

Pinter confines Butley to a world of four walls, a basement office in Queen Anne College where he teaches English—with only tenuous connections with an alien and incomprehensible world. Characters invade his world with enigmatic messages he interprets as threats. He rails at them helplessly. They look at

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IN TOUCH

with books



I had long hoped to write a book on the history of Gays in modern Germany—an exciting history which has disturbing parallels to our situation today in America. But I don't read German, which makes most of the surviving source materials impenetrable.

And now we have two strong accounts covering this period, and despite my having conducted an 18-week seminar on the topic back in 1959, each contains a wealth of intriguing material which is new to me. The two are so amazingly parallel in selection, emphasis and viewpoint that I at first thought one might have copied the other.

Jim Steakley's excellent and intimate account of The Gay Movement in Germany started serially last fall in *Body Politic*, a Toronto Gay Lib paper (35¢ each for four or more issues; 139 Seaton St., Toronto, Ontario, M5A, 2T2, Canada). John Lauritsen and David Thorstad (316 W. 11th St., New York, 10003) have issued a briefer but formidable history of international scope, though the material is mostly German. *The Homosexual Rights Movement (1864-1935)*, no price listed. They promise a fuller book to follow.

Both Steakley and Lauritsen-Thorstad are concerned that so many writers have parochially ignored the European or gins of our Gay Rights struggle. "Part of the oppression of gay people," Steakley begins, "lies in the denial of our history," and he might have added that many Gays, finding themselves censored out of standard versions of history, conclude, to the impoverishment of their own spirits, that history is irrelevant to their lives—our version of the mugwump attitude: "If it don't put beans on the table. . . ." Then, in Marxist fashion, he scores Noel I Garde's book-length (*Jonathan to Gide*) list of famous homosexuals, citing Brecht: "A curse on those who need heroes!" But he is right in

saying that most recent published attempts at gay history have been either shallow, limited or inept.

Steakley starts with pioneer Gay Rights advocate Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (a civil servant in Hanover) whose several books on the subject in the 1860s (did any of them ever appear in English?) tried to define and defend the gay character. He invented the term Uranian from a reference in Plato's *Symposium*. Both publications here heap scorn on Ulrich's theories which were soon buried by omniscient scientism. In 1881, a decade after Prussia's anti-homosexual Article 175 became the law of a united Germany, Ulrichs made a direct appeal to the association of jurists, in Munich. Driven from the podium, he retired soon after to Aquila. He died two years before the movement got started which he had worked to launch.

Lauritsen and Thorstad start with the Hungarian Dr. Benkert, who in 1869 coined the word homosexual. Another doctor, Magnus Hirschfeld, of Berlin, is credited with starting the homophile movement, with the 1897 founding of his Scientific Humanitarian Committee, though his sometimes rival, Adolf Brand, launched *Der Eigene* the gay culture magazine, in 1896.

Hirschfeld, sometimes known as Auntie Magnesia, published from 1899 to 1923 his *Yearbook for Sexual Intermediates*, aimed at doctors and jurists. He launched a great law reform petition, signed ultimately by Germany's Finance Minister, by Einstein, Krafft-Ebing, artist Georg Grosz, philosophers Martin Buber and Karl Jaspers, by writers Zola, Tolstoy, Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Rilke, Hermann Hesse, Schnitzler, Stefan Zweig, Georg Brandes and Bjornson, by socialists August Bebel, Karl Kautsky and Eduard Bernstein, and thousands of others, particularly doctors.

The petition was presented to the Reichstag in 1898 (consternation from the conservatives), 1907 and 1922 (side-tracked when crises arose). Its support came almost exclusively from the socialists, so that Hirschfeld's initially non-partisan, one-issue committee became by 1919, tied to the revolutionary movement, committed not only to gay rights but to women's rights, socialism and to a homoerotic youth movement which previewed the counterculture youth movement of the 1960's.

Lauritsen and Thorstad seem as much concerned to remind radical socialists of their erstwhile commitment to gay freedom as to convince Gays that our history did not begin five years ago. Both accounts detail the strong support which Communists gave to the gay cause. Soviet law removed all penalties for homosexual activity in December, 1917, and the Soviet doctor Batkis was a strong advocate at Hirschfeld's International Congresses of the World League for Sexual Reform even after the Stalinists began to turn anti-Gay. Mass arrests of Gays in Russia preceded Stalin's repressive law of March, 1934. Lauritsen and Thorstad were among those expelled recently from the Socialist Worker's Party after the Trotskyists ended their rocky flirtation with Gay Lib.

The more radical Community of the Special, led by Brand and Friedlander, scorned Hirschfeld's efforts to find a physiological basis for sex variations and to beg the government to amend the law. They pushed for the development of gay consciousness and culture, with an emphasis on separatism, aestheticism and manliness. Steakley reflects Hirschfeld's professional snobbery against these true Gay Liberationists (neither work reviewed here reflects much access to the wide range of non-Hirschfeld gay publications).

Steakley also plays down (and Lau-

ritsen-Thorstad virtually ignore) the astonishing Eulenberg trials (1907-09) which all but wrecked the gay movement and nearly brought down the German Imperial government. The Karser's most intimate friend, an opponent of the militaristic party, was publicly charged with being homosexual, and the charges spread to others around the emperor. Hirschfeld, who had a few debts to pay to the Berlin police, testified as an expert that he recognized the defendants as perverts. Brand was jailed for saying in print that Chancellor Bulow was as gay as any defendant, and what about the emperor himself? A general witchhunt ensued, and many prominent Gays left the committee for fear that the bumbling Hirschfeld might "help" them in court someday.

There was a resurgence (and a new alliance between the factions) just before World War I, and the movement centers sprang up in other European countries. But just as victory seemed within their grasp, the Nazi tide overcame them. Hirschfeld was the Nazis' favorite example of the commie-faggot-kike. He was physically attacked several times, his Institute burned, and six weeks after he died in exile, the law he had struggled to reform was made vastly worse.

I am not anti-Hirschfeld, but both these accounts are too tied to Hirschfeld's views, Steakley even blaming the Community of the Special in part for the rise of fascism. The other essay, while attempting to treat the worldwide movement, becomes spotty when it moves away from Germany, giving short shrift to the labors of Edward Carpenter in England, and no mention of the Swiss group, Der Kreis, started in 1933 and surviving for 36 years, or the short-lived Chicago Human Rights Society in 1925.

Both histories, though incomplete and heavily slanted, are highly recommended.

When a novel leaves you chuckling and vibrating with pleasure days after you've put it down, and you want to read it again, you also want all your friends to read it. And when it starts with a cover blurb: "It's New Year's Eve. Your best friend died in September, you've been robbed twice, your girlfriend is leaving you, you've just lost

your job . . . and the only one left to talk to is a gay burglar you've got tied up in the kitchen," and follows that mouthful with a title, *P.S., Your Cat Is Dead*, it has to be a winner.

I hadn't read James Kirkwood's *Good Times/Bad Times* (though friends urged me to) nor his *There Must Be a Pony*, but I gave an enthusiastic review to *American Grotesque*, his skilled and readable investigation of the shameless persecution of Clay Shaw by hotshot New Orleans D.A., Jim Garrison.

This novel, in Warner paperback at \$1.50 (hardback by Stein & Day) is a delightful tale of how a down-at-the-heels and very square actor captures and is captivated by the most engagingly raunchy burglar I've read about in a long time. Essentially it is a coming-out novel, though some readers won't notice that. Some will see it as hilarious, only, and some will find it annoying that the sex-charged scene never gets down to hardcore detail. It is a novel that even your non-gay sister or aunt would enjoy.

Truman Capote and Gore Vidal are about as unlike as two writers sharing a central concern could possibly be. But while Capote's gay sensitivity shines through virtually every sentence, Vidal is only recognizably gay when he is frankly discussing the subject, or when he is being bitchy, which is at least 45 percent of the time.

Capote's *The Dogs Bark, Public People and Private Places* (421 pages) compares most interestingly with Vidal's *Homage to Daniel Shays, Collected Essays* (30 additional pages, each Random House at \$8.95). Both reprint non-fiction items written over the last 25 years, but the difference is almost total. Vidal is a waspish critic of the current American scene, really nasty (but entertaining) when jabbing at Norman Mailer, Doctor Reuben, the 1968 GOP Convention (his classic bitch-fight on that occasion with William Buckley is omitted here), the Kennedy family or the pompously dull Henry Miller. Capote is never bitchy here, though not for want of talent. He is such a gentle observer of the scene, that even if his scalpel lays his subjects bare to a degree beyond the ability of Vidal, one almost expects him to echo Blanche DuBois' plaintive, "Par-

don me, gentlemen; I'm just passing through."

He is a master of the compacted, impressionistic vignette. At least 50 characters from this book are etched so firmly in my memory that I was certain that their descriptions had gone on for pages, only to find that some had occupied barely a paragraph. Where Vidal sees people as ideas or actions, Capote catches both their surfaces and their souls with a poetic, gentle urgency that pins them like living butterflies to the page.

One is tempted to resort to psychologizing. Vidal grew up with a whole mouthful of silver spoons—handsome, self-assured, of aristocratic background, the kind of child who naturally attracts favorable attention. Capote has always, it seems, had to overcome the initial reactions of people to dislike him, and that makes a tremendous difference. So he's a funny-looking little guy with an impossibly squeaky voice and a pushy manner. Before you know what's happening, you're liking him, and next thing, you really respect the bird!

It carries through in his writing. It would be possible not to be able to guess from his writing what he looks and sounds like, but liking and respect are quickly earned, though you may be puzzled as to how he did it.

Vidal calls himself "at heart a propagandist, a tremendous hater," and he is sharp in attacking the sex laws, censorship, or the idiocy of pop psychology, at times when he seems merely vicious, but his *Tarzan Revisited* and his eulogy of John Horne Burns and Mishima are sensitive.

Capote's portraits of "the Black wido" (pg. 33), of Cecil Beaton (107), of two idiots (85) and of Baroness Blixen are masterpieces, as is the long piece, *The Muses Are Heard*.

"It was right that I had gone to Europe, if only because I could look again with wonder. Past certain ages or certain wisdoms it is very difficult to look with wonder, it is best done when one is a child, after that, and if you are lucky, you will find a bridge of childhood and walk across it."

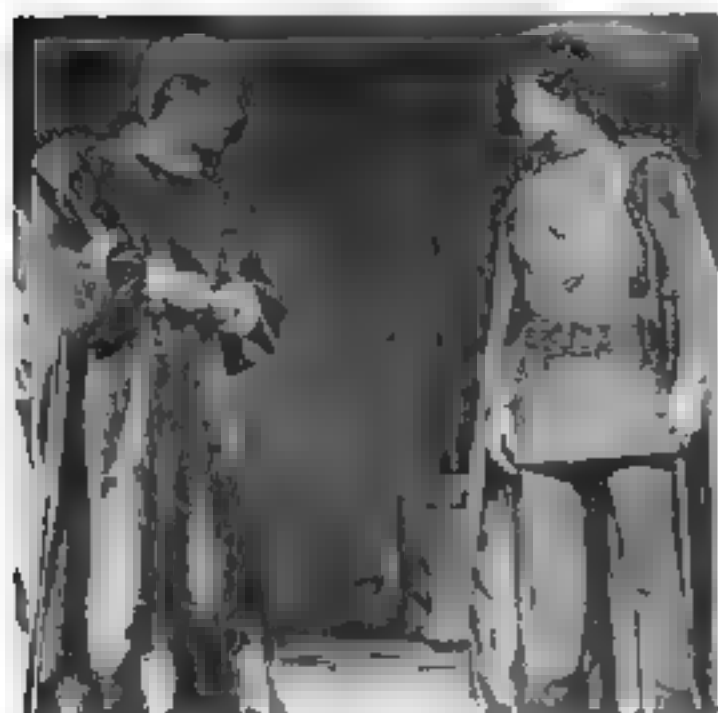
And that may be the difference between being gay and being homosexual. . . .

LYN PEDERSEN

IN TOUCH

with theatre

Richard Thomas, as the Dauphin of France, begins his confrontation with Sarah Miles as Joan in Shaw's "St. Joan" (Ahmanson, Brian O'Dowd—top left). Ted Schwartz as "Lenny" is surrounded by the cast (Off Broadway, Christopher Darling—above center). Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross are the cast of "Oh Coward" (Mark Taper—top right). Sam Levene (left) and Jack Albertson (right) in a scene from "The Sunshine Boys" (Shubert—bottom left). Lyman Saville (left) is quite taken in by Ron Ray as "Tartuffe" in Moliere's comedy (Old Globe—bottom left center). Beth Lawrence finds his career as a rising country and western singer in conflict with her love for Beau Kazor in "A Country Musical" (Sherman Oaks Playhouse—bottom right center). Dagmar Box and Jeff Larson in the mystery melodrama "Night Watch" (Carter Centre Stage—bottom right).



Hallelujah, great theatre has finally come to Los Angeles with a towering production of Shaw's *Saint Joan* in the Ahmanson. Susannah York's refusal to honor her contract is our gain as Sarah Miles was born to play the Maid of Rouen. Actually, Sir Laurence Olivier discovered her in the role in London when she was 17 and now, 10 these many years, she has grown to full maturity in it. Her Joan is inspired, she was born to play her and she completely surpasses any memories I may have had of Julie Harris in Anouilh's *The Lark* or Ingrid Bergman in Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*. Arvin Brown of New Haven's famed Long Wharf Theatre, has directed a superb company with total respect for Shaw and with a brilliant sense of overall design. It is a masterly

conception, executed with powerful precision, the work of a gifted director meshing his talents with those of his star. I might just as well toss my hat in the air if it were not for that troublesome epilogue. I have never liked it. It's a Shavian conceit, a sounding board for his post-immolation fancies and it is thoroughly out of place. Particularly, here, where Miss Miles' agony over the inhumanity of her martyrdom is so acute she engulfs her audience in the flames along with her. I was about to leap to my feet and shout "Bravo!" as the lights dimmed. But they went right back up again on that dreadful Epilogue. The more I listened to it the angrier I became. All the magic engendered by the play was dissolving into a mist, inundated by the sluice-water of

G.B.'s jokes. It's a foul trick to play on a beautiful play and certainly on Miss Miles. After the performance, she assured me much had been cut and she wanted to play it differently anyway. However, lightness was insisted upon to alleviate the mood of her burning. Death by fire is never pretty but why not absorb it going up the aisle instead of sitting another thirty minutes before a vaudeville act concerning a ghost and those who dispatched her?

Otherwise, I can find nothing but high praise for this *Joan*. The cast is uniformly brilliant and the long scene between the Bishop of Beauvais (Ken Ruta) and the Earl of Warwick (Joseph Maher) is the best acted version I have yet seen. Mr. Maher has the dry, urbane polish of the late John Emery plus the

gorgeous sense of hilarity the lazy Melville Cooper brought to his roles. Mr Ruta has a booming voice and an ambience for the Bishop that is perfect. Together the pair bring a grandeur to the local stage I had long since despaired of ever coming to it. Richard Thomas, like the recent miscasting of Richard Chamberlain, is wrong for the Dauphin. He is far too young. However, you might say, the Dauphin *can* be young. Perhaps. But not *this* young. Yet, like that other Richard, Thomas triumphs in the part because he is, innately, marvelous. He was not born to mince, mincing is not in his nature and yet he plays the role like a young queen. I didn't *mind* for it becomes part of the shading of *his* Dauphin and he makes it work. The scope of his talent is such that he probably could make *anything* work.

Opposite him, Sarah Miles is not into any such problem. Joan is all hers. She is perfectly cast. The Maid was a tiny figure who had to lead a vast army through her Voices. Miss Miles is a little bit of a thing but, onstage, she seems ten feet tall. And she hears those Voices and she believes in them and she goes magnificently to her Destiny (at least as far as that Epilogue). This is symphonic theatre beautifully orchestrated. I would love to see more of Arvin Brown's work. We can all be thankful to Robert Fryer for bringing him here. We can also thank him for Sarah Miles. I think New York ought to see her Joan as well as the West End, which is the land of her origin.

John Conklin's settings are excellent, a series of massive columnar figures, accented by tapestries as the scenes change. But why, in heaven's name, were those figures removed for the trial scene? They could have served as a marvelous assemblage of stone judges looking silently down upon the Maid. This scene works, even though Brown brings a completely different approach to it. Instead of enshrouding it in funereal gloom, with the inevitable figures in black hoods, he swathes everything in blinding white light and the judges are superbly clothed, by Frank Thompson, in that color. Two big laughs punctuate the evening, one intended by Shaw. The first involves Berry Kroeger, as the Archbishop, in his address to Joan:

"You're not so accustomed to miracles as I am. It's part of my profession."

The second involves Sarah's reading of the following line:

"You soldiers don't know how to place your big guns."

Permit me to make the observation that *Saint Joan* has a particular relevance for these times. It is a chronicle of perhaps the first example of women's lib. And in the midst of the pandemonium swirling around the movie, *The Exorcist*, we have a tale here about a Maid from Rouen who was burned at the stake in 1435 because she was believed to be possessed by demons. Joan was 17 when she sallied forth. Sarah was that age when Sir Laurence discovered her. And all of Los Angeles should be at her feet in the year of our Lord 1974.

* * * *

I saw Sandy Baron's *Lenny* at the Aquarius Theatre here a few years back and I was quite overwhelmed by his virtuosity. San Diego's Off-Broadway Theatre had decided to revive it with him but he has disappeared. Despite this mystery, they have gone ahead with the project anyway and cast his understudy, Ted Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz is a remarkable young man. He's Jewish, as any actor portraying Lenny Bruce would have to be. He's a superb mimic and he sings agreeably. The long first act is a positive breeze for him and I began to wonder if his producers had anything to worry about. The second act is quite another story, however. It depicts the disintegration and ultimate death of Mr. Bruce nude upon a toilet in his bathroom. In this act Lenny cannot "wing it" as they say in vaudeville parlance. Sandy Baron dug deep into the arsenal of his talent and brought out the heavy artillery. Mr. Schwartz is clearly out of his depth in dealing with the critical emotions and all that appears to be left in his warehouse are popguns. Julian Barry is no visible help in this act either as his writing sags, although Mr. Baron never let you know it. Ted doesn't show you the collapse of the man's soul from the inside out. All he can do is bleat and string loops of tapes over his head like spaghetti. And when his sole nude scene arrived, I cannot comment on it for you because director Richard Scanga placed an actor onstage right in my line of vision, effectively obstructing it. As you well know, *Lenny* has a great deal of inherent hilarity. Some of the funniest

lines must, unquestionably, be these

One Cannibal "I hate my mother-in-law."

Another Cannibal: "Just eat the noodles."

Ted Schwartz's imitation of Bela Lugosi is priceless, every bit as good as that actor's in *Done to Death* at the Theatre Rapport last month.

His advice to the Vampires:

"Do not suck blood indiscriminately."

And their payment:

"Here's ten pieces of batshit."

"I'll get a coffee table and make a door out of it."

"Will Rogers said 'I never met a dyke I didn't like'."

"You hear more fag jokes than dyke jokes because dykes will really punch the shit outta ya."

"I like what they do with homosexuals in this country. Put them in jail with a lot of men. Now, that's punishment!"

"How could you fantasize doing it with a chicken? . . . They're too short."

And, in a serious vein, about Negroes

"In order to play the 'Star Spangled Banner', it takes both the white keys and the black keys."

Unfortunately, jokes about Eisenhower fall flat as a pancake and deservedly so. The choice of Judy Cassmore as Lenny's wife is most peculiar. I'll grant you that getting a capable actress who doesn't mind lounging around in the nude all the way through the show is something of an assignment, but this chick is all skin and bones. You can almost see right through her. She's no prize actress and she hasn't a jot of sex appeal. And yet we must look at her unadorned, emaciated frame for well over two hours. And, while I'm on the subject of nudity, this production has gone for full frontals with the men, a stunt the Aquarius chickened out of. And, once again, they are nothing special to look at. Apparently director Scanga has no affinity for bodies. Mr. Schwartz has the semblance of something going for him but I told you how that worked out. The significance of those be-strawed, masked Yutta men dancing madly onstage at curtain rise signifies Lenny's unexorcised demons that plagued him throughout his life. And what he fought so hard to achieve in the

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In Touch with music



The most important pop concert in Los Angeles in a long, long time has to have been the Dylan appearance, one of a string of concerts pulling this folk-rock superstar not only out of a long, self-imposed retirement but out of a Nashville-tinged musical slump as well. Whatever it was he was self-searching for certainly worked. Not only did the concert bring hosannas from the critics and sell out only a few hours after it was announced, but it brought his new album as well. Planet Waves (Asylum, 7E-1003) was recorded with the group used in the concerts, The Band, an excellent musical group on their own, and it is the best yet from Bob Dylan. He has abandoned that brief excursion into the country sound, with which he had only a nodding acquaintance, and has made a triumphant return to urban blues, an area he still rules without peer. All this neatly reaffirms his position and reputation as our generation's outstanding pop poet/composer. I hesitate to try and point out specific cuts on the LP as being best, or even better, since this is indeed a 'concept' album. It works as a whole from the opening song, "On a Night Like This," a happy, snappy, old-time fun number which is a current smash on FM radio, on through "Something There Is About You," harking back to the writing era of "Rainy Day Women" and perhaps even bettering it,



right on into "Forever Young," a cross-over tune ending side one. A fragile love song, with The Band doing its best work ever. "Forever Young" displays a surprising new delicate depth and has rich appeal and meaning for our world. The same song begins side two, this time with an uptempo approach. The performance continues on through "Dirge," with Dylan at his familiar, dark best. It all ends with "Wedding Song." There is no doubt that this is the best and most important album of the year, and Asylum, hip and canny, rushed out this LP only a breath away from the concert, turning it into the fastest selling new record in many a moon.

On a step away from Dylan with the concert then quick record idea is Rick Nelson with his new Windfall (MCA 383). It's also recorded with the group he used in his recent highly regarded and well-attended Los Angeles concert, The Stone Canyon Band. These guys come together in a tight musical understanding that astounds buffs who still see Ozzie's little boy as nothing more than stale bubble gum. It just ain't so! Whatever it was that shook young Nelson to his musical roots after the earlier, disastrous Madison Square Garden appearance, where he was booed off stage, is rock's gain. He phoenixed himself up out of those ashes with the sharp, pungent "Garden Party," turning heretofore



ignoring heads around in a sharp snap. While it may be no surprise to those of us who remember his meeting with Dylan's "You Belong To Me," now we find ol' Ricky a true, consummate musician, well suited to the lyrical phrasings of Stone Canyon as they are to him. Between them they do it all—compose, arrange, play and sing. Although this is not a true concept LP with definite beginning, middle, and end, it is an album with no jarring changes and unrelated songs, by a secure, talented artist in his best showcase to date. It's the last three cuts that really get it said and get it done. "Windfall," which Nelson wrote with Dennis Larden, the guitarist, is the best cut with its infectious rhythms and a fresh laid-back approach by Nelson, all points proven. The other two, "One Night Stand" and "I Don't Want To Be Lonely Tonight," are both rock, straight on, fine and clean.

Atlantic should take note of this release pattern, especially when it comes to Bette Midler. Her Bette Midler (Atlantic, SD 7270) is definitely on the concert-oriented mold but was released long after her tour. This is technically not a new album, having been out for some time. There's no question about the LP's being a smash hit. It is! Or even a knockout. It is! But Atlantic is currently involved in a struggle to get a cut from it played on hot AM radio stations

and take off as a single. "In The Mood" deserves it. It's a snappy little Glenn Miller number, Andrew Sistered through a multiple recorded Miss M. On the album I especially like "Skylark," "Up-town/Da Doo Run Run" and most of all, "Higher and Higher." Perhaps the release date was set to coincide with the Pa-ace concert in New York. Fine. I understand the idea, and there are lots of original fans there. But methinks it is L.A. and not New York that gets it off, recordwise. Anyway, you should by all means own the record which is technically, and overall, well above The Divine's first, excellent record.

Another newie moving out almost as fast as Dylan is Joni Mitchell's *Court and Spark* (Asylum, 7E-1001). It was bull's-eyed right in on her just performed, sold-out concert. It's rare to get two such solid LP's from one label in the early part of the year, much less coupled with personal appearances. Ms. Mitchell brings her rainbow mind effortlessly to the stage with her, washing down the dingy walls in concert halls everywhere with delicate fresh new colors. She's not a tear-down-the-place screamer. She demands respect. She gets it. She demands quiet concentration. She gets it. My affection for her goes all the way back to the discovery of "Both Sides Now (Clouds)" and in neither her appearance nor on records has she lost any of her wide-eyed, beautiful wonder. Not that she's insipid-silly. Sample the final cut, "Twisted," the Annie Ross song. It's a new look at this oldie with everything still in its correct perspective. This is another LP with no ragged edges in which Ms. Mitchell bittersweets her soul through her own writing (all the songs besides "Twisted" were written by her). From the slow sadness of "Help Me" and "Down To You," through her current hit "Raised On Robbery," a fast, up, demi-thirties, tongue-tripping toe-tapper, the whole adds up to a fine record, a great way to begin the year for a fine writer/singer. By the way, the back-up group on this record reads like a record library Who's Who: Tom Scott, David Crosby, Graham Nash, Jose Feliciano, Larry Carlton, Joe Sample, Cheech and Chong, and one Miss Susan Webb, Jimmy's sister, herself a fine writer and singer, just proving that it runs in the family. For sure!

The last of the concert-tinged records

is *I Am A Song* by Cleo Laine (RCA, LPL-1-5000). I guess the best way to describe Ms. Laine is to resurrect a term I haven't heard used seriously in music since the late Fifties—jazz-singer—and even that's too limiting. This lady is at home in musicals (she performed a really memorable Julie in *Showboat* in the 1971 London revival); her records in England (her native country) skip between pop and rock and jazz; and she's even been the prima donna in a Kurt Weill with the Sadler Wells Opera. I've been a fan for years of both she and her husband, John Dankworth, who arranges for her as well as doing some composing. He did the title cut on this record. If you don't know of her, you're in for a real treat. She's vastly popular in England and has a small knot of loyal followers in New York. She opened here in a highly appreciated but not very well-attended concert at the Santa Monica Civic last year. That ignition spark was small, but enough. Now she's scheduled to play the Palladium in Hollywood on March 27th. I'm betting this one's a sellout. RCA slipped the album neatly between appearances and it looks like it has a hit on its hands. Every record store I checked with is out, very good for a new unheard record. Carefully crafted and well-thought-out, wisely not concept-oriented, it just shows Cleo Laine off at her most versatile. Her multi-octave voice has the clear ring of Dresden on "It Might As Well Be Spring," done nearly without accompaniment, and then breathes simple clean life into that tired "Friendly Persuasion." Unafraid, she goes right after a Bach "Two-Part Invention" in firm flute-like tones; then ends with a Bessie Smith-gutted blues approach, soft rocking "Hi-heel Sneakers." This lady you owe yourself, both on record and in concert.

There's more than one way to goose a recording to hit proportions, to which the new Barbra Streisand album will attest. Take one of the most successful movies of the year, pull a number one single from its sound track, make it her biggest hit, then flip it into a must-be-number-one album—*The Way We Were* (Columbia, PC 32801). Just the feel of a hit of such proportions must have lifted Streisand to a level of work she hasn't hit since "The Third Album" (until now her best album). Tommy Lipuma's pro-

duction is controlled and firm and she responds marvelously. All the grasping quality that discolored her tone from time to time is gone and a secure, confident singer emerges. The lead-off, written by Carol King, "Being At War With Each Other," is an excursion into an arid relationship. Neither singer nor writer has been served any better before. The title track has lost none of its impact from repeated hearing. Side one ends with Stevie Wonder's "All In Love Is Fair" slowed to a pulse-stopping cry. Side two is mostly given to songs by the Bergmans, Marilyn and Alan (who wrote the title song) in collaboration with Michael Legrand. These include "What Are You Doing The Rest Of Your Life?", a haunting version of "Summer Me, Winter Me," and the highly underrated "Pieces Of Dreams." What more can I possibly say except, even if you're not a fan, you should own this album.

ON THE FLIP SIDE

We should inundate the most terrific little esoteric label in the world, Folkways, with thank you notes. Better yet, we should all rush out and buy their new LP, *What Did You Expect?* by Michael Cohen (Folkways, FS-8582). This album is a musical rephrasing of *IN TOUCH's* byline, 'Celebrating Gay Awareness'. It's easy rock and very easy to take. The lead-off song, "The Last Angry Young Man" is about coming out. But don't get the wrong idea. It's not one of those campy things like "These Are The Hits, You Silly Savage" or that flat singer on Lack Records singing straight boy/girl love songs to another guy (that may sound good, but it just doesn't work). This is a poet . . . a good gay poet whose work recalls the young Paul Simon. Check out "Gone" or "Pray To Your God," a bitter blues for street people, a bit hard to take but alive and real. "Bitter Beginnings" is a real turnabout, it seems all his straight friends have gone on to bad ways, but he's happy and secure and gay. I could go on and on giving you my discovery and reaction, but you've really got to do it yourself. Oh, hell, I can't resist pointing out the first cut on side two, "Bitterfeast." It's about . . . well, exactly what you think it's about. Now I dare some radio station to play this album

. . . any radio station. I just dare them!

-HUGH HARRISON



community leader

CURTIS HARRINGTON

In Search Of A Blockbuster

by Allan Leopold
photos by Hugh Harrison

Curtis Harrington in a blue turtleneck and horn-rimmed glasses resembled a sagacious owl as he slipped into a booth opposite me for lunch.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm like an old actress. We never tell."

He obviously didn't give a hoot for that question.

"Fill IN TOUCH readers in on your humble beginnings then."

"Well . . . I'm a born Angeleno although I grew up elsewhere. Raymond Harrington, my father, died seven years ago. He was an attorney. My mother, Isabelle, is still living. When I was ten we moved to Beaumont, which is on the way to Palm Springs. I went to Beaumont Union High and graduated the youngest in class. I skipped the 8th grade because I guess I was bright and I also received summer tutoring from Donovan Cartwright, the principal. So at the age of 16, and at the urging of my parents, I entered Occidental College as a pre-med major. After two years of this I decided I had it with medicine. I really wasn't interested in it anyway. I switched to the cinema department at USC and made three short films: *Fragment of Seeking* (1947; 14 minutes), *Picnic* (1948; 18 minutes), and *On the Edge* (1949; 6 minutes). They were all bought for commercial distribution by Brandon Films and *On the Edge* is now in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art as a key experimental film."

"Tell my readers about it."

"A man is walking in a strange, desolate landscape and he comes upon a woman knitting. He grabs her knitting and runs away with it. He falls into bubbling volcanic mud pots and the woman winds up her yarn again."

"I love that. Cocteau influenced you, I should imagine."

"Yes. And Maya Deren. After this, I went to Europe and lived in France for two years. I made two

more experimental films: *Dangerous Houses*, which I didn't think was successful so I decided not to let it be released and *The Assignment*, a 10-minute color film which was my little homage to Venice, Italy. Ernest Gold wrote an original score for it and he later went on to become famous as the composer of *Exodus*. I returned to the U.S. and was lucky enough to land a job as Jerry Wald's assistant. I had the pleasure of working with Tyrone Power on *The Eddy Duchin Story* at Columbia although I never really got to know Ty well. Then we moved over to the 20th Century-Fox lot and I worked on *Peyton Place*, *The Long Hot Summer* and *Sons and Lovers*. On that film I introduced the writer, Gavin Lambert, to Jerry Wald and he began his first important screen assignment as a direct result of this. I conceived an idea for a sequel to *Peyton Place* and I gave it to Grace Metallious who developed it into the novel, *Return to Peyton Place*. Sequels are never as good as the originals. Name me any that proved to be."

I was stymied for the moment.

"Anyway, we owned the sequel to start out with despite all the publicity flap in the papers puffing up our purchase of it and the 'Peyton Place' TV series was the inevitable outcome. I made *The Hound Dog Man* with Fabian next and Don Siegel directed. Later on he gave me my first directorial break with two episodes of the *Jesse James* series which he produced. Christopher Jones was our star. I was also associate producer of *The Stripper* which starred Joanne Woodward. During the making of this, Jerry Wald suffered a massive coronary and died suddenly, leaving me with the sad job of finishing it up all by myself. Filled with a heady sense of accomplishment, I seized the reins entirely and independently made *Night Tide* with Dennis Hopper. This finally launched me as a film director and I was absolutely delighted over the beautiful critical reception it received. *Time* magazine

praised it highly, American-International bought it for national release and it didn't make any money. I wrote the original screenplay about a sailor who meets a carnival mermaid. Luana Anders played the role and it was a modern retelling of that myth. The Lithuanian cameraman, Vilis Lapenieks photographed it and today he is in constant demand on TV. David Raksin viewed a silent print, and offered to do our score. This was a bonanza as we could never have afforded him. Roger Cowan had helped me finance *Night Tide* and he asked me to direct a low-budget sci-fi flick called *Planet of Blood* with Basil Rathbone, Dennis Hopper again, John Saxon and Judi Meredith. This one made money but I didn't see any of it. Roger Cowan banked it all. Which brings me to an age-old adage. Creators seldom make the money. The business people grow rich off the creative people's efforts. It was ever thus. It's called exploitation of the poor starving artist for a crust of bread. He spills his guts and the business people reap the profits. Well, to get on. *Planet of Blood*, filled to the bursting point with my own, was seen by Ned Tanen, a Universal executive, and he offered me a seven-year contract there. More exploitation but I had to survive so I took it. But they only got one picture out of me: *Games* with the marvelous Simone Signoret. As a matter of fact, I have just visited her this past summer in Paris at her home on the Ile St. Louis. I put James Caan into it, as I had seen him in several TV shows and liked his work. It began his screen career for him. *Games* was the story of a wealthy young couple who have a visitor in their house and all sorts of terrible things begin to happen. Katharine Ross of *The Graduate* played the role of the wife. The reviews were superb on the whole and I excitedly poured all my energies into developing two more properties. One was called *The Guests* from an original screenplay by Joseph Stefano. It dealt with an eccentric, retired theatrical producer who invites a group of people to his country estate for the Halloween weekend. The plotline was a mystery, spinning off what happened to the guests. The other was *What's the Matter With Helen?* that examined the interrelationship of two dissimilar women forced by fate to live together. Tempus fugits and I couldn't get Lew Wasserman to make up his mind as to where he wanted to go with these projects. We simply couldn't cast them properly and Mr. Wasserman was famous for stalling around if he couldn't get the stars he wanted. At last I was so exasperated I picked up and left, buying the rights to *Helen* myself so I could take her off the lot with me. I went to Marty Ransohoff at Filmways who thought it might be a good vehicle for Debbie Reynolds who owed him a picture. I must digress a minute here and tell you about Debbie. I saw her New York show,

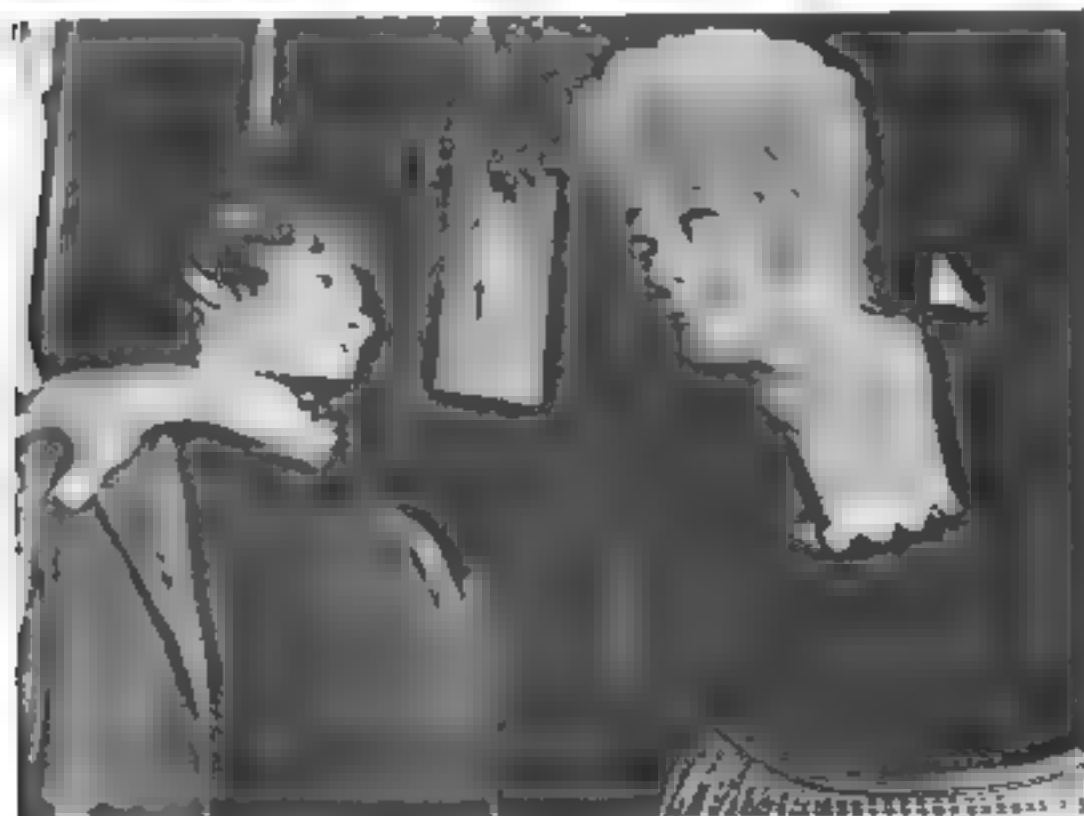
Irene, in the spring when I returned from the Cannes Film Festival and she does the most heartwarming thing I have ever heard of in my life. At least I have never heard of anyone else who did it before. After every performance she sits for an hour in the lobby, meets and greets her fans and autographs their programs. The good will this engenders is obvious as she is getting more mileage out of that show than it is worth. Without her it would be nothing. She is the binder. She holds it all together. It is her own personal charm, bounce, poise and enthusiasm that keeps it running. She is amazing. I decided to play a trick on her. I stood in line with the others and, when she caught sight of me, she stood up and screamed: 'Everybody! I want you to meet Mr. Harrington, my director.'

"It was awfully nice of her to carry on that way. She did the same thing a year and a half earlier when I went to see her at the Coconut Grove. She had them turn the spotlight on me. She brought her Las Vegas revue there and she did *the* most devastating impersonation of Barbra Streisand. She puts on an enormous false nose and she has gotten the mannerisms down perfectly. She also sounds exactly like her. She's really screamingly funny in this takeoff. I start laughing just remembering it. I had the privilege of escorting her to Joe Levine's party for Merle Oberon and I realized what a lady she is. However, not all was serene for me when I paired her with Shelley Winters in *Helen*. Shelley is very difficult to work with. She is difficult in a hundred ways but I'll give you a typical example. Morton Haack designed some stunning





Linda Lawson and Dennis Hopper in a tense moment from Mr. Harrington's first film, "Night Tide" (left). John Saxon (right) and Basil Rathbone (left) were among the stars in "Planet of Blood" (American International — right). In "Games," Simone Signoret explains the meaning of the Tarot cards to Katherine Ross (Universal — center left). Michael Mac Liammoir, Peggy Rea, and Debbie Reynolds watch the dance recital at her dance academy in "What's the Matter With Helen" (United Artists — center right). Shelley Winters grabs a student in "Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?" (American International — bottom left). Unnaturally murderous bees are no threat to Gloria Swanson in "The Killer Bees," Mr. Harrington's latest film (ABC-TV — bottom right). The photos on page 55 are from the soon to be released Harrington film, "The Killing Kind." The film stars John Savage and Ann Sothern as a psychopathic murderer and his over-protective, indulgent mother



period dresses for her to wear in that film. She went to all the costume fittings and okayed everything. We arrived at the first day of shooting and she threw a tantrum on the set. She absolutely refused to wear her clothes. Instead, she screamed they were lousy,

tore them to shreds and threw them out of her dressing room door. Yet, when the picture is finished and the rough cut is assembled, she delivers a great performance on the screen and that is, after all, what counts in the long run. So I would use her again and I

did immediately after this picture, as she asked for me, actually."

"One might say Morton couldn't Haack her, couldn't one?"

Curtis suddenly looked very un-owl-like and started to resemble a hawk.

"Yes, but one *never* would. But write it if you feel you must. But also write that I'm cringing."

Folks, Curtis Harrington positively cringed at this point.

"I loved that old Irish actor you used in the film."

"Michael MacLiammoir. He's 70, still living and still running the Gate Theatre in Dublin with his partner, Hilton Edwards. Did you know that he gave Orson Welles his start? I followed *Helen* with an ABC Movie of the Week by Henry Farrell. He wrote *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?*, *Hush*, *Hush*, *Sweet Charlotte* and *What's the Matter With Helen?* This one was called *How Awful About Allan* and. . . ."

I put down my pencil, fixed a steely eye on Curtis and spoke in level tones.

"There can *never* be anything awful about Allan."

There ensued a pause that could only be described as pregnant. Curtis continued.

"In this instance, what was awful was what *happened* to Allan."

"Oh," I rejoined. "That's *altogether* different."

I picked up my pencil again and gave Mr. Harrington my undivided attention.

"I co-produced this with George Edwards who had worked with me on *Games* and *Helen*. We cast Anthony Perkins, Julie Harris and Joan Hackett in it and they were excellent. The story line concerned a young man who was undergoing hysterical blindness because of mounting tensions in his life. He thinks there is a mysterious force in the house pursuing him. Julie played his sister and Joan played his girlfriend. The denouement explained that Julie was trying to drive him out of his mind because she held him responsible for having killed their father.

"Macabre screenplays were getting to be my forte so, when *The Gingerbread House* was offered me at the Shepperton Studios outside of London, I accepted. Shelley was going to star. As I indicated before, she had asked for me and the story was a variation on the fairy tale of Hansel and Gretel. The script was really lousy to begin with; four writers had worked on it at various times, including Gavin Lambert and Jimmy Sangster, and it still was full of holes. But nobody was beating down my mailbox with offers so I decided to do it. In this business you have to work when work is offered unless you can afford the luxury of not working at all. And I'll give you one guess which category I belong to. I had an eight-week shooting schedule and they gave me Desmond Dickin-



son who is a terrible cameraman. I complained bitterly and wrung my hands and all to no avail. They wanted him and they got him and I had to keep him and the photography on that film proved to be the least interesting I was ever connected with. And then they gave it a PG rating which was ridiculous. This means a 13-year-old cannot see it unless his parents accompany him. It was really a black comedy for children. These kids think Shelley is going to murder and eat them when, actually, she is perfectly innocent. So they set fire to her and burn her up."

"You think this should get a G rating?" I gasped.

"Of course. It's just a variation on putting the Wicked Witch in the oven. You can't filter a child's sensibilities through an adult's sensibilities. And then my producers took a deep breath and slapped the worst title in the history of motion pictures on the film: *Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?* It is really one of the most carefully designed titles to keep people away from the box office I ever heard of. But nobody is interested in a director's opinion. Once it's in the can the assembly line takes over and a beautifully designed porterhouse steak can suddenly turn into a sausage. In 1972 I returned to the U.S. and made *The Killing Kind*, again with George Edwards. This was independently financed with Texas money and, at some point along the way, they made a deal with Wakeford Drloff [a Hollywood-based TV commercial outfit] for its release. By some stroke of ill fate, the people who financed the picture received a guarantee of half their investment back in return for exclusive distribution rights. This peculiar deal was cooked up while we were still making the picture. And it was tantamount to flushing the film down the toilet. They haven't the remotest idea how to go about distributing it. There is no advertising budget. Just a lot of work down the drain. And such a pity. The picture cost \$200,000 to make, Ann Sothorn gives an Academy Award-contending performance in it and, so far, only one local screening has been held. Out of that, the picture has won unqualified raves from both *Cosmopolitan* and the *Hollywood Reporter*. But they won't even ante up the money for a New York press showing.

"The picture details the relationship between a loving mother and her son, who is a murderer. The woman must face up to the reality of her son's nature. John Savage plays the boy with great power and Ruth Roman is also very good in it. Castwise I have come full circle in my career as I found a role for Luana Anders in it too.

"Since *The Killing* has gone into limbo I have directed two ABC Movies of the Week. *The Cat Creature* was shown December 11th. I made it in 12 days and it stars Stuart Whitman with Gale Sondergaard.

It's supposed to run 90 minutes but, with all the commercials, it clocks in at 74. I have just finished *The Killer Bees* which will have been shown by the time this article is published so I guess I can reveal the plot to your readers without displeasing the network. It stars Gloria Swanson in a remarkable performance, Edward Albert, Kate Johnson (the young actress from 'The Rookies') and Alexis Smith's husband, Craig Stevens. It's about an 80-year-old matriarch of a wine-producing family in the Napa Valley who has a mystical rapport with the bees. We actually shot the picture in the Napa Valley and we used a lot of special effects plus a lot of matte shots superimposing bees over them. Real bees have minds of their own and don't train too well. Finally the old queen dies and the young girl takes her place and becomes the new queen. And the bees do her bidding and the wine is subsequently improved. I loved working with Gloria who actually admits to being 75. She's a marvelous actress, very sensitive in front of the camera with great, expressive eyes. It's because of all of that silent screen acting. She's a health food bug and so am I. She knew that and carried all of her own food with her which she very generously shared with me. She uses Royal Jelly from the Queen Bee on her skin and great gobs of organic honey in her diet. She plied me with alfalfa sprouts, Erewhon nut and berry cookies and seven-grain sprouted wheat bread. It was a Lucullan feast."

"Do you personally cut your own films?"

"No. I work with Jack Holms but I tell him first what I want. It usually takes us three weeks to two months to do the first cut. The Director's Guild has ruled that the director must deliver the first cut. Then the producer can do whatever he wishes with it after that and he generally does."

"Tell IN TOUCH readers about your home life."

"Well, I live in a big house with a fat black cat with green eyes called Aleister."

"Aleister?"

"He was named after Aleister Crowley, the transcendental magician. He practiced occult magic but not legerdemain. He was 76 when he died."

"Does he ever communicate with you?"

"Never. But I do believe in reincarnation. I had a communication from an entity ten years ago via a Ouija board. I was informed that in one of my previous incarnations I was a Chaldean Scribe in a pre-Christian temple."

"Interesting. Now, about this black cat. Does it ever cross your path?"

"Constantly. You see, it has its own private door and it can go wherever it damn well pleases. I don't believe that old stuff and nonsense about black cats crossing paths."

"Is it, perchance, your Familiar?"

"No, it's not my Familiar. It's just a quite huge, affectionate cat that purrs around my legs."

"Any hobbies?"

"I collect art nouveau."

"Any sports?"

"None at all. The only exercise I get is adhering to my health food diet. That is the whole key to my well-being."

"Do you have a favorite writer?"

"Yes. Julian Green. I love his strange novels about strange people. He's an American who has always written in French and he makes his home in Paris. I would like to film one of his books, *The Dreamers*. It should be a French film produced in Paris."

"With Simone Signoret?"

His eyes lit up.

"Come to think of it, she would be *ideal* for one of the leads."

"Any favorite film and director?"

"Josef Von Sternberg and *The Devil Is a Woman*. Its creator influenced my work considerably with his style. I spend a lot of time lighting my female stars."

"His *Fun In a Chinese Laundry* was not kind to Dietrich."

"No. He was not a very kind man. Kindness was not exactly his trump card."

"Any favorite film personalities?"

"Dietrich certainly and Sir Laurence Olivier and Cary Grant for the men. Cary is the most wonderful screen personality of our time."

"What about the future of motion pictures?"

"I have given this matter a lot of thought and have come to the conclusion that the future of the film industry lies in pay television. That is my profound belief."

"Why?"

"First of all, we must recognize the fact that the film business, as we have known it, is dead. Universal is viable because it makes so many series and features for TV. MGM is gone. Fox and Columbia make very few films today. Warner's seems to be doing okay but three expensive flops for John Calley and the Burbank Studio is out of business. The whole basis of former screen glory lay in the continuity of the product and the major studio system. People used to go to films regularly as a habit. They no longer go as a habit. They watch TV as a habit now."

"Would you ever do a *Deep Throat*?"

"No. Porno is not my field."

"Would you do a gay film?"

"No subject matter is taboo with me. Certainly I would do a gay script if it were a good story. There is a masturbation scene in *The Killing Kind* but it is not a blatant scene."

"Would you do a TV series?"

"No. There is no room for creativity in a series. The only exception to this I ever encountered was the London series called 'The Prisoner' and it was a resounding flop. No, as I said, pay TV will come and it will put the film business back on the track. People will be glad to subsidize quality product in their homes. The movie business today is like the New York theatre. It's either an instant hit or an instant failure. And this is no viable basis upon which to run a film industry."

"What about the future of Curtis Harrington?"

"I will make more Movies of the Week. And I would love to make an *Exorcist*. William Friedkin had eight or ten million dollars to play around with and incredible special effects in that picture by the brilliant French special effects master: Marcel Ver-coutere. My work is internationally recognized but I would like to do a blockbuster that would be sensation-ally successful both as an artistic achievement as well as a box-office one. Yes, I would like to make an *Exorcist*."

IN TOUCH wishes Curtis well with this endeavor.





special report - travel

Acapulco Gold

by Douglas Dean
with photos by the author

Although the establishment has been flourishing for several years now, it's surprising how few American tourists are familiar with the Sans Souci, Acapulco's unique gay bar and hotel.

The Sans Souci is unusual not only in Mexico, but I don't know of any place exactly like it in the United States, and as a gathering place for homosexuals it may be without equal in the entire world.

Mexico, as I have noted in my book *Gay Mexico '73-'74* and in previously published articles, does not have gay bars as we know them in our own country. The majority of places where homosexuals can congregate and make contacts with one another in Mexico have, in reality, a mixed clientele, with customers of both sexes who have a wide variety of personal propensities.

At the Sans Souci, however, on a busy Saturday night there may be women present, but you can be 99 per cent sure that they are gay women, and everybody, male or female, is in search of erotic adventure with a member of his or her own sex. Everything is wide open, everybody is there to do his particular thing, and nothing needs to be hidden or done in secret.

For a long time the Sans Souci operated under somewhat lax and shoddy management. There were frequent raids by the police, it was a dangerous place to go, and a responsible reporter could not in good conscience recommend it as a spot for gay travelers to visit.

All that has changed. Acapulco likes tourist trade, and apparently the local government has finally faced up to the fact that a good share of the trade is brought to town by homosexuals. Homosexuals are going to be *there*, whether the straight people like it or not (they probably reasoned) so what could be done about it? To avoid constant problems, it was decided to put a formal stamp of approval on one place where both Mexican and foreign Gays could congregate and where they might enjoy a good time without being molested.

On one occasion a few years ago, while a guest in another hotel, I was stopped when I tried to take a friend to my room. The management was very courteous. "It is against the law to entertain in your room, *señor*," the desk clerk informed me. "It is only per-

mitted at the Sans Souci."

This remark was made without a leer or innuendo. It is now an accepted fact in Acapulco that homosexuals will want to "entertain" and they are automatically directed to the Sans Souci for this purpose.

The Sans Souci has police protection. The current manager, Señor Alfredo Lobato, is a charming and courteous man, connected with one of Acapulco's leading newspapers. He and his wife, the Señora, are understanding people who run a clean and orderly house. "The police never bother us," he assured me.

Of course it is possible to make sexual contacts at many hotels and restaurants in Acapulco, as well as on the beach. In the game of sex-ploring, after all, it is every man for himself! At Beto's, the bar on the *Playa Condessa*, Gays from all countries gather during the day; street pickups are easy and Sanborn's coffee-house is a cafe where many Gays congregate. I am sure, too, that in spite of my previously related experience, if you're discreet enough, it is possible to get a friend to your room in many different hotels for "entertainment" purposes.

But why should you have to be clandestine about it? If Acapulco provides a place where you can relax and be yourself, why not take advantage of it?

The Sans Souci is on a hill, at 88 Inalambrica, and it has a beautiful view of the Bay and the city. The road uphill is a bit rocky, and all taxi drivers don't like to travel it, but if you're turned down by one it's certain that another will be eager to accommodate you.

The bar itself is in the open air, on a patio, and the night breezes coming in from the sea are very pleasant. Most people in Mexico dine rather late, so the action at the bar doesn't start until about 11 P.M. The place is open for business until approximately 4 A.M.

There are tables on the patio and sufficient space for dancing. Occasionally shows are presented; they aren't of professional calibre, but they're fun.

People who are guests at other hotels patronize the Sans Souci. They prefer, for reasons of their own, to live in a different hotel, but they come to the Sans Souci bar for drinks, dancing and a general good time. If they meet someone they like and don't want to take him to their own hotel, they can rent a room at

the Sans Souci for an hour or for the night if a room is available. No baggage is necessary for the check-in. Everybody is wise to what's going on and no questions are asked.

A reader might conclude, from this description, that the Sans Souci is a veritable whorehouse, with orgies going on in the halls and all over the premises. Such is not the case. An admirable sense of good taste and decorum is maintained.

The rooms rent for modest prices, by Acapulco's standards. What is termed a "suite"—i.e., accommodations with kitchen facilities and a semi-private patio and sundeck, rent for 150-175 pesos (twelve to fourteen dollars) a night. All of the rooms have at least two beds, and although most hotels charge more for double or triple occupancy, the Sans Souci rents its rooms for fixed prices and the management doesn't care how many guests are "entertained."

If a gay traveler decides that he wants to live at the hotel during his visit to Acapulco, he should make his reservation well in advance. Off-season, between May and October, it may not be too difficult to secure accommodation on a drop-in basis, but between November and April there is apt to be a waiting list. For Christmas and Easter visits, of course, one should make reservations several months in advance. A check for a single night's rent is sufficient deposit.

There is no restaurant in the hotel, unfortunately, but you can have breakfast or lunch prepared to your order, if you schedule it the night before. Most guests, however, go down the hill into town for their meals.

At the bar, where both drop-in and permanent guests expect to make their pickups, almost anything

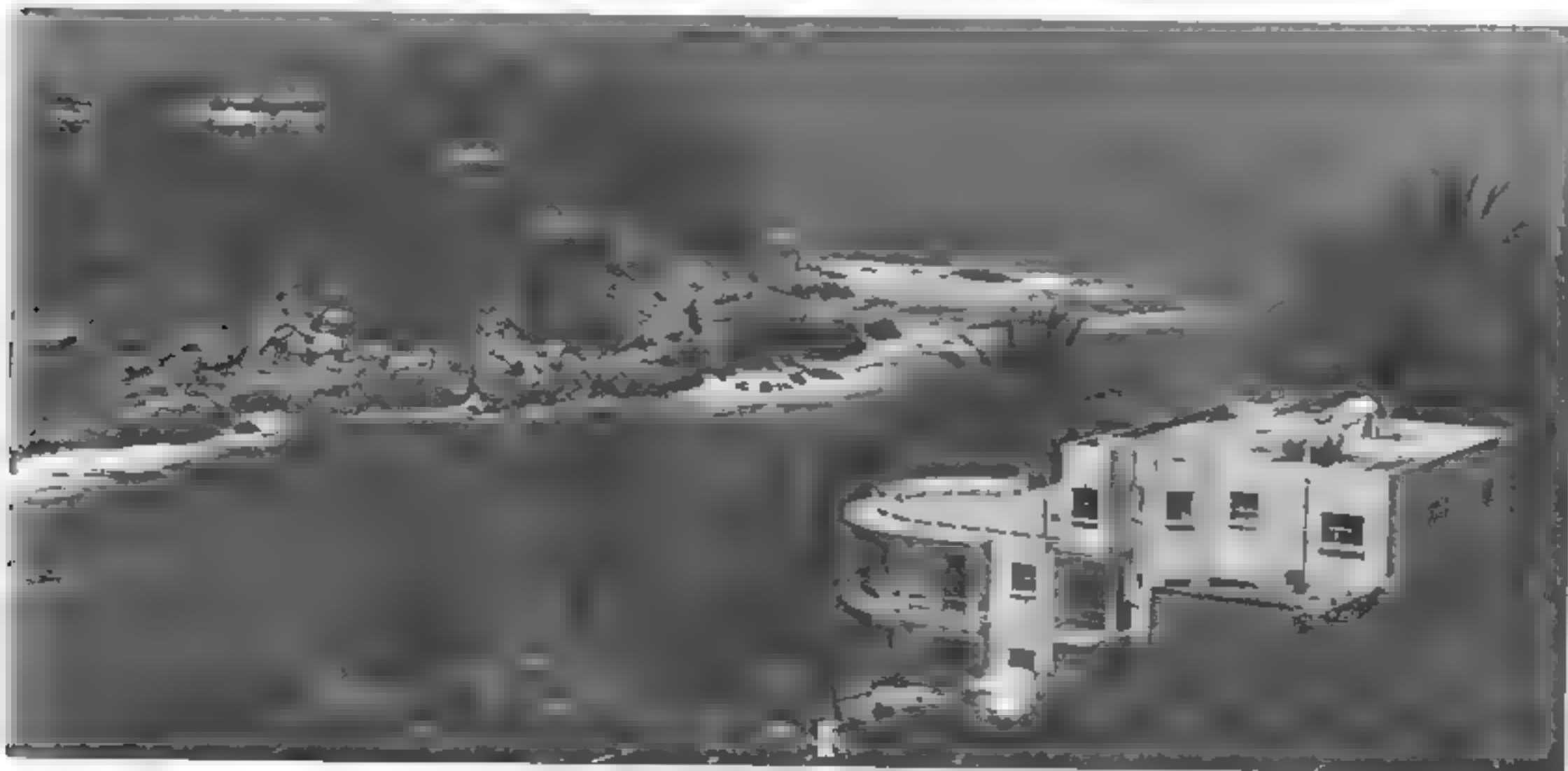
can happen. A large variety of gay types are in attendance. The Sans Souci cannot be categorized as a leather bar, a dance bar, or a bar which caters to older homosexuals, in the way we categorize bars in the United States. The Sans Souci clientele comes from all walks of life, with all tastes and proclivities. You are as likely to meet a Germanic or Scandinavian type there as you are to meet a Mexican boy.

Of course there are *mayates* (hustlers) who hang around the bar, but these are usually young men who ask nothing more than a couple of drinks in return for their favors for the night. Many of them genuinely like Americans and don't have their minds exclusively on the pocketbook. Experiences with *chichifos* (hustlers who may try to rob you) are rarely recorded.

Most of the people who visit the bar or the hotel are Gays like you and I, men of all ages and descriptions, who come to the Sans Souci in search of an evening's diversion with one of their own kind.

A drink or two at the bar, followed by an adjournment to a private room with a man of your choice, can provide a pleasant memory of your stay in Acapulco. Or, if you elect to book a suite, you can sit with your trick on the patio in front of your room (unseen by anyone else) and you can dance with him and make love in the moonlight. The music comes clearly to your ears from the bar below, and soft breezes from the ocean caress you while you do your thing.

All any healthy Gay needs to keep him happy for weeks to come is a taste of the hospitality of the Sans Souci and a sample of the sexual freedom which exists on its premises. *Viva Mexico!* and *Viva el Sans Souci!*



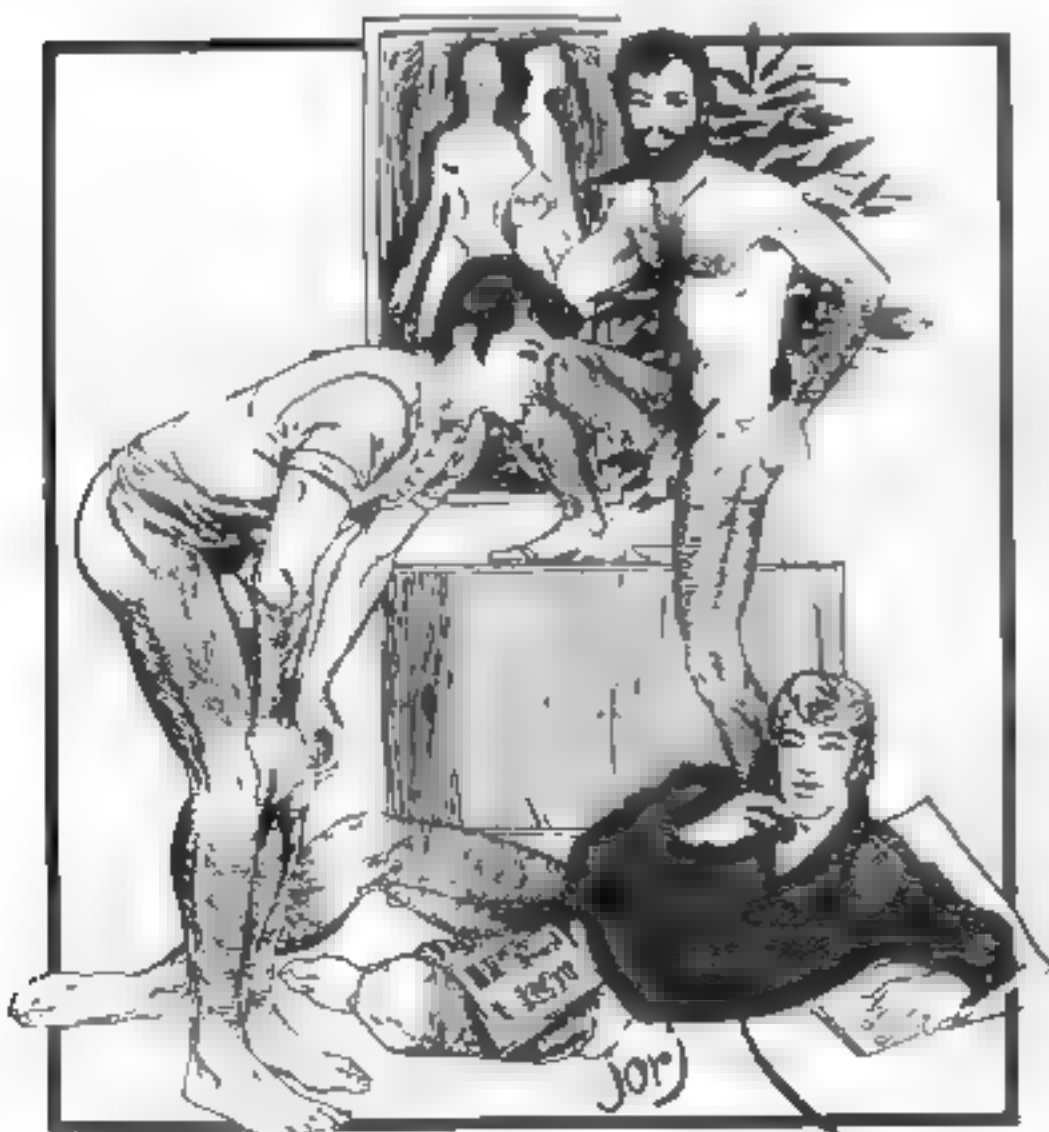
Jorj's *IN TOUCH* humor



"Hello, Charley. I'll be home late. Some prick just hit me in the rear end!"



"Take the way you dress. You make it so obvious!"



"No, this is not 281-2692. But you're close!"



"Now, please, Bruce, no energy crisis tonight!"

IN TOUCH dines out

Having had enough of that "hate California, it's cold and it's damp" season, my thoughts went south of the border and I off to a series of Mexican restaurants, all without my going south of Wilshire

BARRAGAN'S CAFE is showing signs of prosperity and so for this column's sake I chose old standbys. The token ensalada of cut iceberg lettuce and the lone tommy-toe automatically arrived in that perpetual mystery French dressing. To begin work, I ordered Cocido, a full-bodied back-of-the-stove soup, simmered and served with half a corn on the cob. The good flavors continued into Ropa Vieja, a string beef pan-braised with tomatoes, celery, onions and quick stewed in mild-mannered chili roja sauce. With flour tortillas, next came two double-fisted burritos. I ended up with a rarity, a dessert called Caprotada, an oven-crisped sweet bread pudding with apples, prunes, Mexican sugar and cinnamon, topped with melted jack cheese. Save room for this. All of the above, plus "un cerveza" and coffee for \$4.40 should slow up any urbanite (I meant satisfy). Reservations for 15 people, or more—it's that kind of place. Cards: BankAmericard.

BARRAGAN'S CAFE
1536 Sunset Blvd. (nr. Echo Park Bl.)
213/688-9721
7AM to 11:45PM Daily

You say your aunt and uncle dropped by from Albany? Rest assured, and take them to **THE GARDENS OF TAXCO**. The owner, Sr. Frank Romero, is the host, the only order taker, father of Carmen, the cashier, father-in-law of the headwaiter, husband of the Number One cook (and brother to the other lady chef) plus a self-appointed ambassador of "authentic" Mexican food, even though the adjectives may throw you. All dinners include a raw marinated vegetable bowl, endless tostadas, albondigas soup, excellent rice but pureed beans, and a banana cream pudding—in the event your uncle thinks Maalox. I suggest the "Grand Opening Special" dinner for \$3.75. Before the combo-plate finale,

there is a "soft" a la Guadalajara chicken tamale with a magic sauce. Vegetarians awake—chicken may be substituted with sauced spinach, and the beef with chayote, a seasoned Mexican squash of note. All items are to go. In addition to a Santa Thomas highlighted wine and imported beer list, Margaritas, or Sangria, is available by the glass, half or full liter. The room is reminiscent of early-Akron, the food both moderately memorable and priced, BUT the honest and infectious charm of this hard-working Romero clan is worth a visit to feed that other inner man. Reservation for five or more, and the clientele is mixed and easy. BankAmericard & Master Charge.

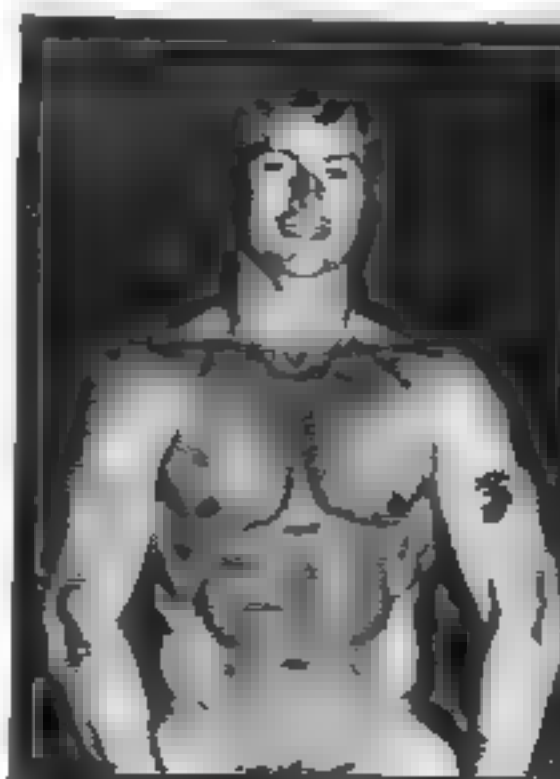
THE GARDENS OF TAXCO
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(Corner 8200 Santa Monica Blvd.)
213/656-9215
4:30PM to Midnight (Dark Mondays)

Wondering what happens to a tortilla when you pay double, and just how different, or influential were the Spanish kitchens on Mexico, had Ken and me off to **LA MASIA**. Price is obviously one-third geography and another real estate and appointments. What's left to explain is the chef's ability to select, combine and contrast groceries. La Masia's owner, host and kitchen overseer, Sr. Juan Jose, has chosen from an interesting range of probable Spanish food items, used sound gourmet techniques and splashed the menu with Spanish names like *Gitano*—gypsy, *mariscada*—seafood stew and *Castillian*. The name

La Masia refers back to a wayside inn outside the city, which is technically true—especially the "in" part. Newcomers may find this slightly disconcerting their first visit, so try a slower non-weekend night when the hubbub is spread out. The clientele is classic to chic-funk and range from "now" to that "other" generation, but definitely without the "gap." Your gentleman host, Juan, will be his most attentive about your seating, then he tends to leave you *tete a tete* to let his food and his atmosphere whisper for themselves. If you want to be entertained, La Masia may not be for you, even though the "romantic" guitarist may stroll your way. An "in" place is at best a subtle setting where the sparkie comes in and out with the clientele. Oh yes, the food. Drink the Cepa de Oro vino while the supply lasts and drift away with the definitive Scampi for an appetizer. I usually settle down to the Poulio a la Gitano—an amazing "gypsy" chicken entree, or the eggplant casserole, one of four vegetarian entrees, but just once finish with a king among Flans, goldplated with caramel. If you play at wines, you owe yourself a Spanish lesson with the house's champagne. From the lank white-ruffled waiters, in one of the seven greenery-drenched rooms you forget the price of tortillas and distant shores and restore that attitude which can handle Southern California, even when it's cold and damp. Cards: BankAmericard and Master Charge

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oppression

discovered the origins of my loneliness and desperation . . . not even when I was arrested. In looking back I can see that had it not been for societal oppression, I might have avoided these things. I can see that I was a victim at the time, but at the time I was living it—and in each succeeding moment of my life up to this instant—I have not felt, I do not feel, oppressed. To so feel is to blame "out there." I cannot do that.

I suppose that most human beings feel themselves to be the victim of events, rather than the source. This is consistent with our society's material view of life and the world. But we have said that oppression—or rather the quality of being oppressed—is a subjective thing. That is, it varies in each individual according to that individual's specific reaction to events impinging on him. That reaction first takes the form of thought—intangible electrical brain activity of some kind, whether on a conscious level or not. That thought is sometimes translated, sometimes not translated into speech or action. If thought is the vehicle of reaction, then the action, speech, even the feelings or thought that follow are a product of that thought; they acquire form only as a result of thought. If thought is modified, so is form, so are events . . . and the cycle continues incredibly and unknowably complex.

I modify my thoughts—both consciously and unconsciously. I change the form from one of oppression to one of personal self-challenge, from one of "look at how much I've lost" to one of "look at what's been gained." I don't know quite how I do this. I do know that my destiny in any phase of life is mine to command. My limitations are of my own making—and I made many. They were my unconscious and imperfect way of teaching myself. My good is in my hands. There has been much and I am grateful for the delegated command of it. My experiences flow from my consciousness . . . for the thought is the vehicle of action and reaction.

This philosophy is one that cannot be accepted by radical gay militants. Their premises are purely material: Every force must have an equal and opposing force. Every act of oppression

must be railed against in the press, on the air, in the streets, with violence if necessary. Were the philosophy of the materiality of life carried to its reasoned extreme every group in minority would wind up polarized from every other group, including the majority. Fortunately there are very few individuals who are so extremely constituted. Most of us are subtle and complex mixtures of various approaches to life—sometimes despite our consciously reasoned philosophy.

In the gayest city in the nation there is a person who generally prefixes his name with the title "Reverend." I have seen no printed comment of his that does not express his extreme feeling of being oppressed . . . and right along with it his "fight" reaction. To me the idea of a Reverend fighting brings forth the admonition to make love, not war. It is true that the humanity in us will make most of us fight after a certain point. Such a point was reached in Greenwich Village in New York in June of 1969 by hundreds at one time. The result has been the gradual opening of the national closet, with Christopher Street Day as

the turning point. But can anyone ever suppose seriously that either the Reverend or the Christopher Street riots could possibly come to anything at all were there not in this nation, in its institutions, and even still in its people a feeling of non-oppression about life? . . . a questioning about materiality?

This doubt about the apparent values of our society is the underlying stratum through which all modifying thought and action must permeate. Fighting is the bitter reaction of the human animal oppressed. It is inherently destructive. Its best result at soon-to-be prohibitive cost is to create a climate where people *must* start being positive consciously, where people *must* learn of each other and of each other's needs, and where people *must* start releasing instead of oppressing each other. Tragically fighting is not necessary. The same result *can* be produced when enough people reach a state of mind where their thought produces forms of action and reaction above the gut/fight level, on a level of compassion and understanding.

That this level would amount to the Millennium is no accident. The forces at the command of materiality are on the brink of destroying civilization and most of mankind. (It would be ironic for gay people: There'd be a new basis for save-the-seed rules then.) I think not only of inter-country nationalism and the bomb, but also of pollution, population, "progress" and the mad collection of material things for their own sake. Everyone can claim oppression here. In the purest sense, the oppressed person always stands ready to destroy his oppressors. Potentially we all, as a race, stand on that edge. We've stood there before . . . and tumbled. But the view on the edge is clearer. The emotional, mental, and low level spiritual approach to life that makes a person react with feelings of oppression/fight is a symptom of the Fall. If we are to survive, growth effort must be made by each person capable.

That most are capable is clear to me. The same person who feels that there is no such thing as a warm human cop went with me to visit the local police. It was his first entry into that den of iniquity. We were visiting one of the officers in charge of sex crimes to check up on rumors of an increase in vice squad size and future activity. My friend was



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nervous. I had suggested that he just follow my lead. The officer and I got talking . . . handing it back and forth pretty directly as we had on other occasions. Believing in his personal integrity, I pressed him for unequivocal answers. Suddenly my radical cop-hating friend broke in with an admonition to take it easy, to accept what I was being told. The surprise of it broke my hard line of questioning. My friend continued to defend the officer when I insisted on trying again. Finally I had to give up in mingled frustration and amazement . . . recognizing that I could go no further with the officer and that there was hope for my friend after all.

In myself the effort to grow was a response to desperation. Ten years ago I was at that point. I had been living a lie and thought I had to continue but could not. I was ashamed of what I was and afraid to seek help. Though I realize now that I was the victim of a narrow and oppressive society, I did not then feel oppressed. I saw myself as sick . . . sick and rotten. Consequently I was. I had so decided. I cried out for help . . . and got it. Within six months I found I was wrong. I was merely different. Acceptance of my difference released hidden talents and abilities. Changing thoughts produced changed actions. I am a changed person with an increasing serenity which appears to be my natural inclination.

All this occurred without my blaming anyone. For a while I was tempted to blame my parents, to make them my oppressors. But it was an effort. Therefore I let them be themselves. Now they're coming around. I look upon the police as an indispensable institution, a bastion of anti-gay attitudes.

I look upon individual policemen as help in time of trouble—and they are for me. Even when I am hassled while cruising the park, I try to feel sorry for the cop who is the victim of his prejudices. If I do develop anger in any situation, it melts quickly. My police record has done me no harm in any way . . . and the State of California knows about it through my license to practice as a nurse. Every negative event that has happened to me was positive in disguise, leading to change and growth in me. I am now learning to expect and accept change which is my future good. Indeed my good is in my hands.

My approach to life has not cut my drive to build a better society; it only makes my way of doing it different. I will not be involved with political action groups, whether disguised as a church or as an organization to help gay individuals. Their emphasis is putting pressure on society as a whole. Their emphasis is a going forth to attack. My approach has nothing to do with "going forth," "attack," nor with any kind of group action. Rather, it is a sitting back, a constant self-taking-stock coupled with an openness to any idea, event, or human being. It requires the positive belief that there is more to our world than meets the senses . . . that materiality is not all.

My approach to life rests on the foundation that we are not first of all social animals given to herding—though we are this, but rather that we are first of all individuals, unique . . . each one of us the product of pure thought in every way—whether that thought be unconscious, subconscious, conscious or superconscious. By "thought" I mean the intangible activity channeled through the brain known as instinct,

emotion, reason or higher thought. The herding instinct is the faulty human response to social oppression. It is sometimes the cause as well. The acceptance of thought as the origin of form as well as action tends to destroy oppression. Further—the increase in self-awareness and the extension of the boundaries of conscious thought which implies a greater inclusion of unconscious, subconscious and superconscious thought, makes a feeling of oppression impossible in any given individual. Factors once seen as oppressive become challenges first to survive then to excel on one's own terms. In this way individuals—the building blocks of society—change. Therefore society changes—from the inside out rather than from the outside in.

In view of the above it might be considered paradoxical that I arrive at some of the same conclusions, support some of the same actions and in general often agree with my militant activist friends. Not so. It is merely a demonstration that there are many roads to Good. There are also many roads from Good. All of them do not lead to more Good. The militant activist is never satisfied. The attainment of each goal he treats as a defeat. He presses on to new goals muttering bitterly about the faults of the one just reached. Sometimes he presses too far and outruns his support. Then he talks loudly of low gay consciousness and closet cases. For instance, I would say that the American Psychiatric Association has removed homosexuality from its list of sicknesses and it has (*L.A. Times*, Dec. 15, 1973). The militant activist would say of the same report that the American Psychiatric Association has decided to call homosexuality a disorder (it has), and

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then go into a speech as to how foolish it is to have twenty million disordered Americans. Of course it is . . . but such a difference in viewpoints! The non-oppressed feeling, self-liberated individual accepts and uses society and its institutions as they are, while working for their betterment in whatever way comes up. This person experiences more of life; he also can contribute to the founding of a gay center, or a gay community-police dialogue, or the passage of a reform law. He sees the wisdom of moderation.

That my approach to life sometimes confirms existing social structures may just possibly indicate that not all existing social structures are bad . . . or, more correctly, that given the present state of human awareness they are not all bad. I think of the classic economic systems argument: Capitalism exploits the worker, enriches unjustly the owner; the means of production should be publicly owned, etc. Many gay militant activists have already reached the point of putting down capitalism. (Thank God Joe McCarthy's not around!) It is a totally unrealistic position—out of touch with the present degree of man's selflessness. Socialism or similar is beautiful in the ideal. The ideal is attainable . . . but only when many more people have lifted themselves from materiality, when they cease to believe that everything they have they must get themselves. The interdependence of people is getting tighter and tighter. Capitalism cannot resist the change in process. But revolutions are historically puritan—not a happy word in the gay lexicon.

Meanwhile I can liberate myself from the dynamics of capitalism. Yet while eschewing its demands to consume for the sake of consumption and disagreeing with its philosophy, I accept it as the best way to harness man's greed for the whole of society as do most Americans. I benefit from it. The gay movement can and is benefiting from it. They own buildings and businesses, collecting rents and profits. In fact, there can be a case made for the proposition that the Movement, which the gay radical likes to think of as his baby, is joining altogether too much the capitalist society. I suspect that the real underlying complaint of many gay radical militants is their lack of sharing in the affluent society. I have another friend who bewails the

fact that at 25 years of age he has no car, no TV, no "decent" job, no career and he says no future. He also expects and, openly covetous, hopes that his grandmother will leave him a bundle. This same guy quotes Lenin and complains of bourgeois values!

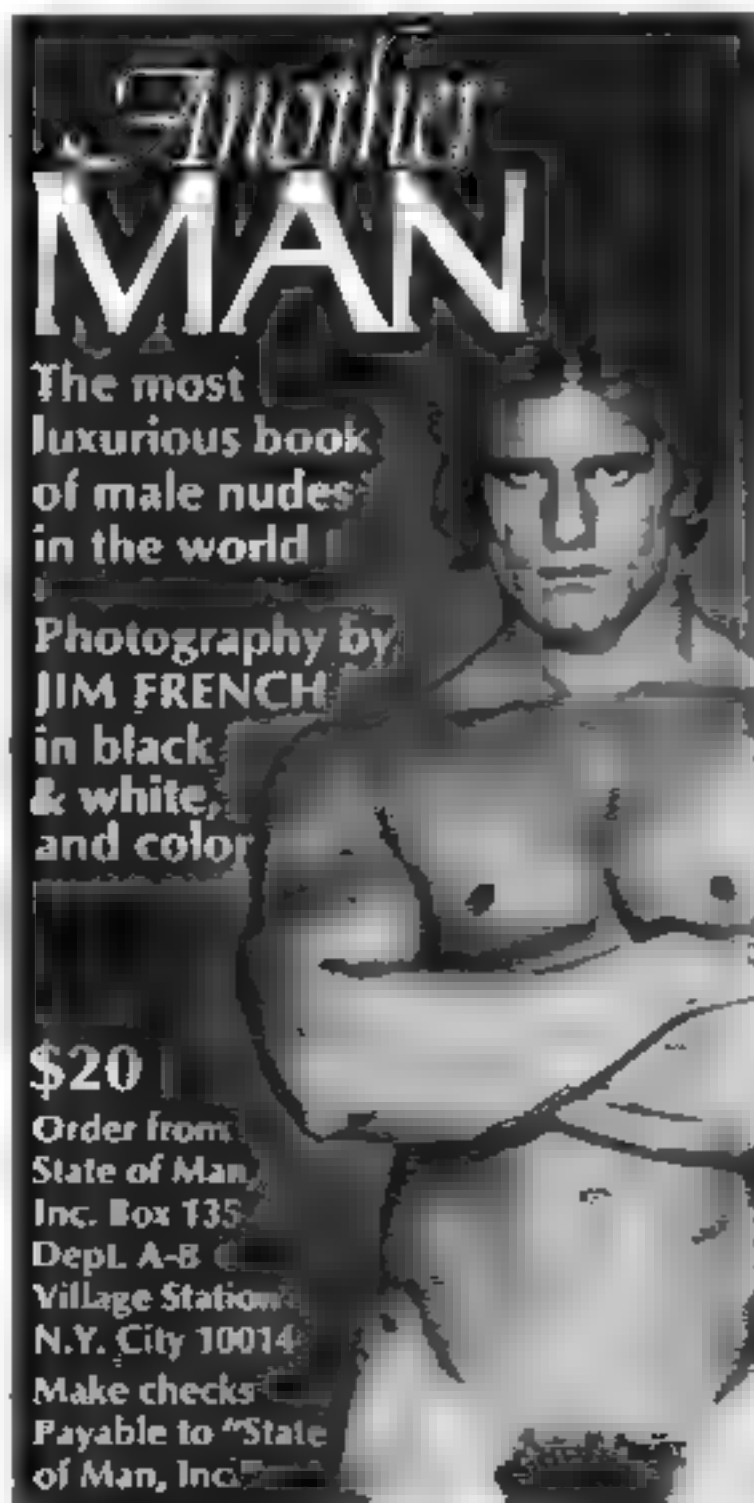
Yes . . . what truly is oppression? My friend is oppressed by his feeling of lack of "success." He blames that lack on society's non-acceptance of his gayness. He blames "out there." But his actions, his experiences, his unguarded words under stress show that he is the source of his own oppression. In fact, in his case his radical militancy, his activism, as well as his feelings of oppression are all responses to his own feelings of inadequacy. No change of law or social mores can remove this feeling. It will cede only to growing self-awareness and self-acceptance. Would we then have a member of the establishment? Could be.

One can recognize the injustice of oppressive laws, of a narrow and oppressive social order, and of a particularly oppressive interpretation of both . . . yet one need not feel oppressed. I am as

much out of the closet as most any American gay person I have dealt and am dealing as a gay person with both gay and non-gay people regularly and constantly in the press, on the radio and TV, as a speaker at churches, schools, colleges, service clubs, conventions and as an ordinary person on all levels of personal contact. In all those contacts I have never experienced hostility or rejection. The worst has been neutral civility. That generally gives way to open friendliness and admiration. It might be said that that's my personality. It's true. It is. That's the point.

When I reach this level in talking of these things, my activist friends accuse me of having a low gay consciousness. If having a high gay consciousness means that I must give up my peace of mind to be harried and angered—I don't want it. If having a high gay consciousness means that I must feel bitter—cheated of life's joys, its relaxations, its beauties (whether on two male legs or otherwise), then I don't want that consciousness. If having a high gay consciousness means that I must hate my society, desiring to destroy it thus avenging myself on my supposed oppressors—I want no part of that consciousness. To me having a high gay consciousness is being aware that gayness has been my ticket to freedom; it is discovering that being gay in a hostile and oppressive society can—far from being a millstone of personal oppression—that it can be a goad, a spur to a development of Self that would never have been possible in the security blanket of structured relatively safe straight society.

The question is often asked of gay people whether they wouldn't rather be straight. Postulating the exact same personal situation as that they are in, most say no to this question. But sometimes it is pressed: ". . . But if you could take a pill, if you could be sure of the complete transformation to functioning heterosexuality, wouldn't you be happier? Wouldn't you want to be straight?" Two years ago I would have answered this final pressing question in the affirmative. No longer. If there was ever any feeling of oppression in my soul it was lifted when I accepted my gayness. To the extent that I broadcast that gayness in candor appropriate to the situation, to that same extent has my degree of freedom increased.



**Another
MAN**

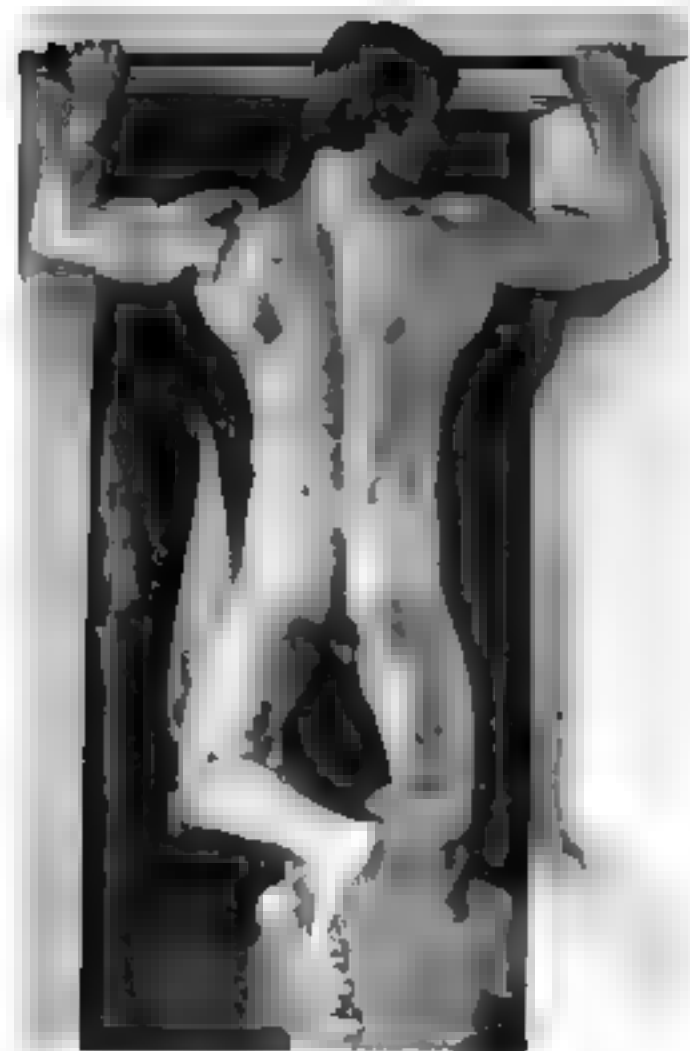
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One of the most frequent questions I've been asked around the gym is: What can I do for my wide hips? Usually the person asking this question will point out the fact that their problem is a unique one. It's their bone structure that causes the problem. They pull their garments away to emphasize this statement. Then, digging their fingers into the fat on their hip, they somehow hit bone and say, "See!"

When someone presents a problem like this to me I usually refrain from telling them what I really think. No one wants to admit to being just plain overweight. They go through life telling everyone, including themselves, that they



have bone structure problems or gland trouble. Woe be the person that disagrees by telling them the truth. That's the one thing they don't want to hear. In this case the truth hurts so it's better to agree with them because you can't convince them otherwise. *They just don't want to hear it!*

They might even say their doctor told them they have a *special problem*. Of course, the doctor is always right. Well, if that were the case, there wouldn't be any malpractice suits, would there? Doctors are only human and they are in business for themselves. To keep their patients happy is to keep them coming back. I've known plenty

of people that were unhappy with what their doctor told them. So what do they do? They change doctors, of course, until they find the doctor who gives them the information they want to hear.

Here I am telling my readers what they don't want to hear and making enemies left and right. I hope not. I have kept silent on the matter too long, especially when confronted by people in conversation. Maybe through this column, in an indirect way, I can be honest and helpful instead of dishonest and pleasant.

What can you do about it? Well, the only sensible thing is to lose weight. Don't get conned into believing that all you have to do is spot reduce. Spot reducing, by the way, is weight reduction on a certain part of the anatomy. In this case the hips. There are many con artists around today selling spot reduction instruments or routines. Some work, but the results are only temporary. The minute you let up it all comes back. After all, who wants temporary slim hips with a fat neck, chest, arms, and legs. By reducing the weight of your body you'll not only get rid of those child-bearing hips, but your double chin, sagging chest, and flabby arms will look better too.

Next time you go to the gym spend less time on the situps and more time doing bench presses, chins and squats. In other words, lose fat and pack on muscle. Meanwhile, dig up last month's issue of IN TOUCH and go over the article I wrote on weight reduction.

Until next month keep it hard. I mean your body, of course.

—JIM CASSIDY



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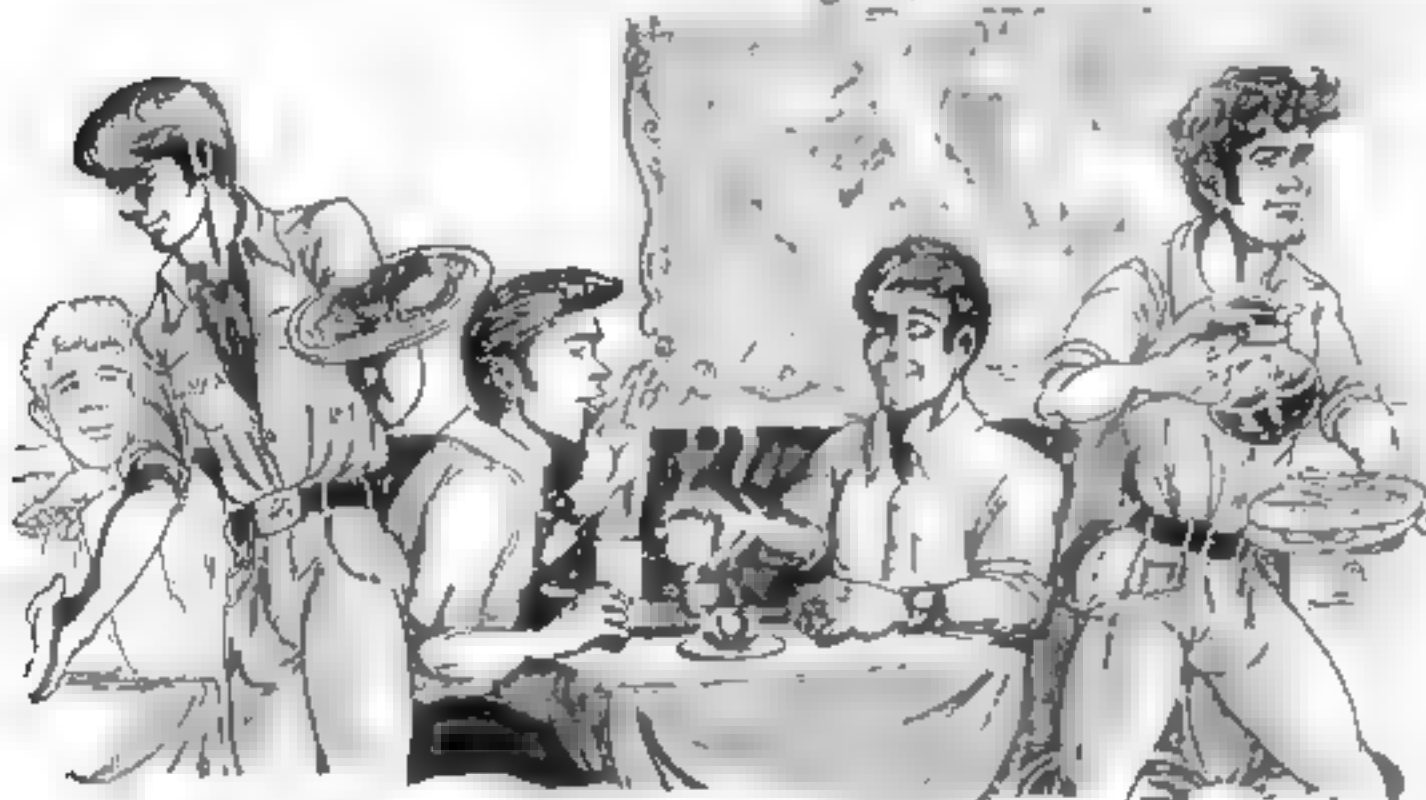
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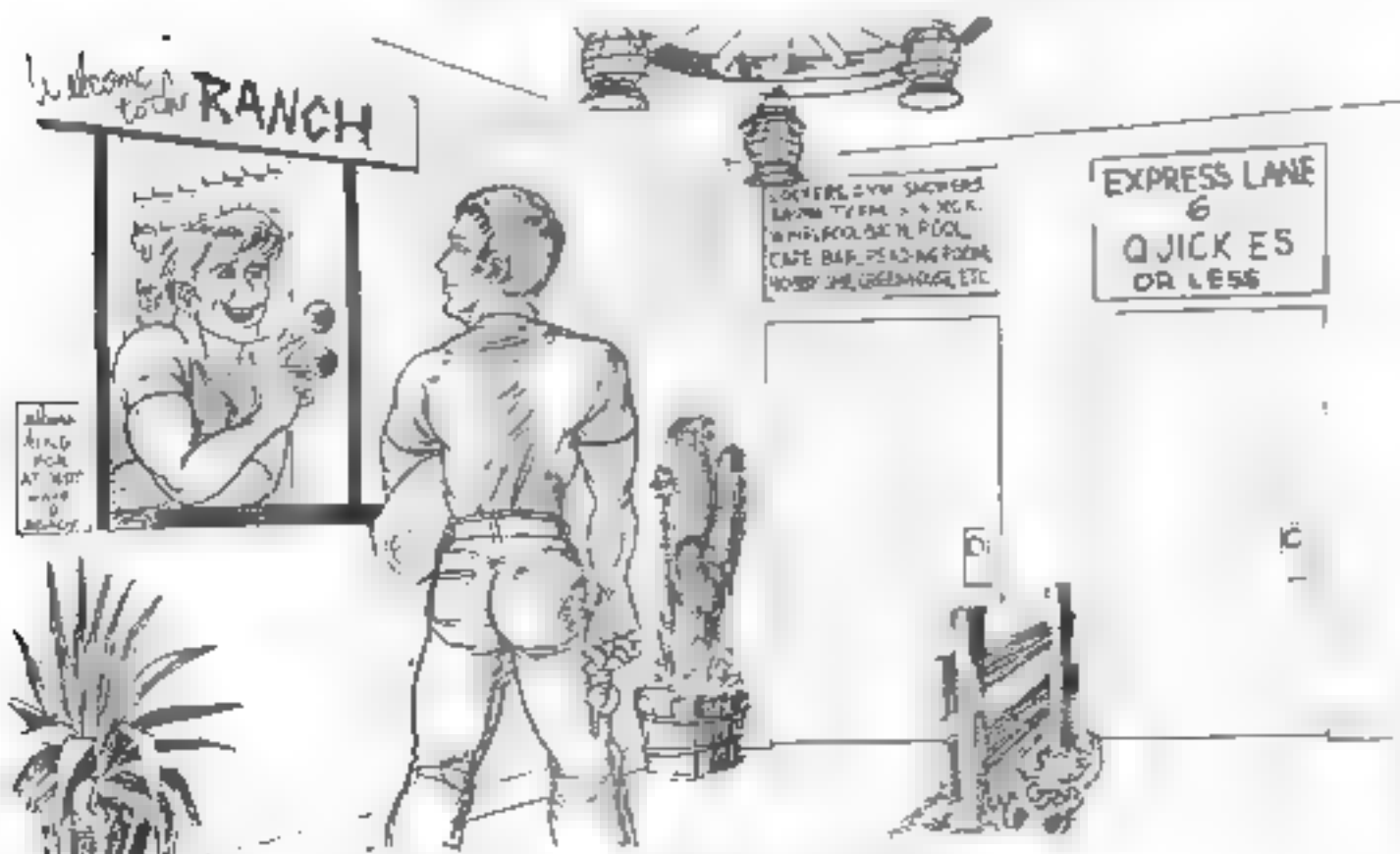
gjon's ***IN TOUCH*** humor



"Captain, there's something you should know about this all-male charter group!"



"Yeah, but you gotta admit the waters are delicious!"



"Which will it be tonight, Stud?"

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IN TOUCH at home

You say you've got the dullest kitchen in town, and you'd like to do something to change it quickly and easily? Well, we have no magic wand (only fairies carry those), however, some of the following hocus-pocus may help make your wish come true.

If you prefer your pots and pans to be easily accessible, try hanging them close to the stove. The best way to do it is on wood planks mounted to the wall behind and around the stove. There are many good materials that can be used for this. The best choice is really a matter of personal taste.

Plain knotty pine shelving stained with a walnut or fruitwood stain is one excellent consideration. It is soft yet strong enough to hold anything you might need to hang on a kitchen wall.

If you're lucky enough to find some old planks that have weathered nicely (especially with rust spots from nails and other telltale age marks), they make a wall that is a real knockout.

If you prefer a cleaner more polished background, you can hang your utensils on a plain wall, painted white perhaps. Often that works very well, especially when you happen to have black cast-iron frying pans, biscuit trays, beaters, whips and so on. Put up other things you probably use very frequently: ladles, spatulas and spoons. There is no limit—well, hardly any—to what you can hang.

You might also want a shelf directly over the stove. Great for all those extras that you can never find when you want them. If you can find yourself an old crock of some kind, or a wooden bucket, fill it with the miscellaneous odds and ends you like to keep handy. Believe me, it beats rummaging through drawers every time you need that special utensil.

Windowsills can easily be converted into makeshift shelves. One small board nailed onto the sill gives enough width for a small window garden, especially if you're the "grow your own herbs" type. A little water spill only makes it age better.

It's nice to have certain staples within convenient reach, too. One of the best ways I've found to do that and

keep things fresh is the use of jars, any and all kinds. Just make sure they have well-fitting lids so the contents are kept airtight.

They make great holders for coffee, tea bags, sugar, and the variety of everyday necessities. The old mason jars are super, particularly the green half-gallon size.

Of course, spice racks are a must! The bigger, the better, but anything as small as a wooden Coke case will do. Since the Coke case is not large enough for many kitchens, it is often advisable to build your own—1"x4" redwood or pine with ¾-inch plywood as a backing is all you need. Then create the size rack that is right for your particular situation.

The pigeonholes, cubbyholes and shelves should not all be the same size because undoubtedly you'll want to put out an assortment of spices and condiments. It's also nice to mix in a few purely decorative pieces that will put

extra "spice" in your spice rack.

If you have beams in your kitchen, there is no need to tell you how fortunate you are. In addition to their natural beauty, they are very functional for "our kind" of look: use them to hang wire baskets filled with such things as onions, potatoes, and apples.

A chopping board need not be a luxury, and if you're any kind of a cook at all, it's probably a necessity. Don't continue to do without it. They're really not that expensive. Cheaper still if you make your own. Besides its obvious use, a chopping block can easily help to convert the corner table into an additional work space, if there's not enough room at your kitchen counter. Then you can hack away without ever worrying about the finish on your table. You may find your kitchen suddenly has more space... like magic, huh?

Here's another "abracadabra" touch to give your kitchen a feeling of openness and space: remove some of the doors from your top cupboards and cabinets. Leave them open. You will probably be surprised at the difference such a small thing can make. An extra fun touch is to paint the insides with bright colors or paper them with contact paper or regular wallpaper. You'll probably love the added color—especially if you've contrasted it with darker wood paneling—and the easier access to dishes and kitchenware.

Are your countertops old, ragged and generally lackluster? Would you like to do something about them but not at the expense of formica or ceramic tile? Then try looking in the floor covering department of your local Sears, Standard Brands, or other favorite store. Practically all of them now carry the easy-to-apply, durable, stick-on floor tiles. They come in very attractive colors and patterns. They make an excellent counter cover, and you can mix or match them to coordinate with the rest of your kitchen.

As with any decorating you do in your home, the range and scope of it depends on you. Your kitchen is certainly no exception. Some or all of these ideas may work well for you. And then it's up to you and your own personal touches to complete the metamorphosis from pumpkin to magic carriage. Best wishes!

—FRED JEROLE

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theatre

field of raunchy humor is totally commonplace today. I also liked the tearing zipper that slides down the back of the stage. It sets the mood and those 20-foot-tall gargoyles are still master strokes of scenic counterpoint. I'm glad I saw Ted Schwartz as *Lenny*. He's been waiting in the wings for his big chance and Act One proves, at least, that his burgeoning talent will bear watching.

Oh Coward!, which has returned to the city at the Mark Taper Forum after a brilliant Ivar run, is an exemplary entertainment that richly deserves its phenomenal success. The precision and pacing of it is so swift that, if one of the trio of stars muffs so much as a single word, the whole show is marred. I have never seen such a feat achieved before on any stage nor so difficult an assignment carried off so effortlessly. The idea for *Oh Coward!* was conceived and brought to fruition by Roderick Cooke who serves as his own director. I ordi-

narily disapprove of this procedure as witness the case of *The Front Page* and Mr. Harold J. Kennedy last month. It proved disastrous. Here, the superb Mr. Cooke has lashed the performance up to his own high level. His *In a Bar on the Pico* *Marina* is something I'll always cherish. He has secured the services of Barbara Cason who is a lady of real class. Her *Dance Little Lady*, which finds her sheathed in white satin behind a gigantic matching white plume fan, is a theatrical treasure. And Jamie Ross from Edinburgh has a baritone that, when raised in *You Were There* and *Nina from Argentina*, is worth the price of admission all by itself. An example of the show's humor:

Barbara: Delicious looking ham on the dinner table, wasn't it?

Roderick: Yes. She has it sent from Scotland

Barbara: Why Scotland?

Roderick: It lived there when it was alive.

The music is supplied by twin pianos magnificently played by Rene Wiegert and Gary Karver. The evening belongs to Noel except for a slight detour when

the cast joins forces on *Let's Do It*. Then it belongs to Cole Porter. As I left the Taper, I suddenly saw in my mind's eye that "Great Theatre in the Sky" with Noel seated once more at the piano, impeccably attired in tails, singing one of his many unforgettable duets with Gertrude Lawrence.

Footnote: A delightful interview with Barbara Cason, detailing her charming home life with husband Patrick Dennis, appeared in the November issue of IN TOUCH

The news about *The Sunshine Boys* in the Shubert by the master mirth-maker, Neil Simon, ain't good. Here we have a new comedy by the acknowledged leader in the field. It comes to us with the original stars who played it on Broadway for eleven months. These giants have labored mightily and come forth with a thin, emaciated mouse. It is a very slow starter to begin with but, finally, it gets a good healthy head of steam up and we are into intermission. Then, refreshed, we return with high hopes for it and the show peters out altogether. In the first act much is made of an hilarious sketch Willie Clark and Al Lewis have been rolling them in the aisles with for the past 43 years. In Act Two we finally get to see *that* sketch and, as Fibber's wife might observe: "Tain't funny, McGee." Or maybe they used to roll in the aisles more easily than they do now. Briefly, the plot concerns two old vaudevillians, modeled along the lines of Gallagher & Shean, who haven't spoken to each other in eleven years. Willie's nephew, who is also his agent, gets the team a TV booking and the erstwhile friends are confronted with the necessity of rehearsing together again. They do it grudgingly but each makes an attempt to get the old act ready for the TV cameras. Mr. Simon doesn't give them many inventive things to say to each other and what gets said sounds repetitive. There is much made of a finger Al pokes Willie in the ribs with and a tendency he has toward sibilant spitting. These foibles are milked for more than they're worth. Alan Arkin directs in such a muted fashion his touch is barely discernible. Mr. Albertson and Mr. Levine often appear to be creating, out of thin air, the materials for a play all by themselves. Some lines are funny:

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"Remember when you locked yourself in the bathroom overnight? It's a good thing you keep bread in there or you would have starved to death."

"As an actor no one could touch him. As a human being no one wanted to touch him."

"He's got poor blood circulation."

"I'll send him a pump."

"Did you know Sol Burton died?"

"Go on! . . . Who's Sol Burton?"

"Pick me up at the hotel. Don't park too close. It's filthy here."

The business of setting the furniture for the rehearsal is truly hysterical. If all of the play were at this level, the laughter might be heard in Beverly Hills. The Shubert is actually far too big for this teeny wisp of a play. And Neil Simon has let his fans down severely by mounting a production that is only the bare bones of a comedy. He has a reputation for delivering the best and the best thing about *The Sunshine Boys* is its surefire title.

* * * *

Tartuffe has never been one of my favorite plays and, after viewing Charles Vernon's production at the Carter Centre Stage, I think I know why. It isn't as easy to fool Little Red Riding Hood nowadays as it used to be. When I was in college I even played in *Le Medecin Malgre Lui* and I found Moliere easy to memorize with all his rhyming quatrains and couplets. The artificiality of his plots I put down to the period and the spectacle of watching characters duped by a charlatan for a couple of hours until they suddenly see the light was swallowed whole by me in the guise of "An approach to the Appreciation of the Theatre of the Renaissance." Well, my college days are long since past and maturity, I hope, has set in. Today, I find these bewigged shenanigans ultimately tiresome, rather infantile, and I don't even get any college credits out of watching them. However, the city of San Diego decidedly does not share my opinion. They recognize a classic when they see one and they have literally packed this sunken theatre-in-the-round to the rafters. The night I was there they paid rapt and dutiful attention to all the goings-on as if they were tuned in to the fact that *Tartuffe* sprang from the exalted pen of Moliere; ergo, it must be good for them. The physical setup of the Carter Centre requires the actors to

go scurrying up and down steep ramps of stairs to make their entrances and exits and, as this goes on all evening, the effect is rather like watching a tennis match. Of the cast, Ron Ray as the scoundrel, *Tartuffe*, and Julia Shelley as Elmire, get the hang of Moliere best while the others are a bit too modern in their approach to the master. The decor features some lovely Louis XVI furniture and an overhead cut crystal chandelier that is a knockout. Mozart tinkles appropriately in the background. Peggy Kellner's costumes are gorgeous beyond belief and I thought to myself, How lucky San Diego is in acquiring her services and not having to rummage through the racks at Western Costume. This, of course, was the era when man was the peacock and wore his hair pigtailed and tied with a velvet ribbon. With satin breeches, buckled shoes and perfumed lace handkerchiefs at the wrist, what a time for a queen! This could start a whole new trend and I saw at least a couple of outfits that I'm willing to give That Look a deposit on if they'll run them up for me.

* * * *

A Country Musical in the Sherman Oaks Playhouse is a cornpone enterprise designed for people like Lawrence Welk, Loretta Lynn, the city of Nashville and devotees of the Grand Ol' Opry. It is the work of an erstwhile Pat Rocco and Evergreen Theatre actor who, for purposes of this show, credits himself with the flowery monicker of R. Finley Mullen. The show begins at screech level as Rachel Bard, the owner of a rustic cafe, attempts to out-yell her employee, Martin Gish, over a malfunctioning dishwasher. It never does get fixed but it signals an employment opportunity for Minnie Pearl-lookalike, Beth Lawrence, to become a waitress there. I didn't see her wait on many tables as she is too busy talking about her career aspirations and becoming a great star. Inasmuch as her voice is raucous and ordinary, this appears to be a dubious prospect. Into her life come two men: Clay Dilts, a roly-poly, ex-Rock idol (Wayne Morton) and her real love interest (Beau Kazor).

Along the way, Mr. Morton attempts a seduction scene that begins with a lively, funny song, "I'm Gonna Get Me Some Poontang Tonight." However, he



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doesn't get any and the inherent comic possibilities blur in and out of focus and finally fritter away altogether. Mr. Kazor argues bitterly with Our Nell because he doesn't want her singing in any sinful nightclub. This theory apparently doesn't apply to him because, later on, he has no compunctions whatever about singing there himself. Plotwise, at the finish of Clay switches his affections from the leading lady to the character woman in two seconds flat. I presume he does this because she is as fat as he is.

Some examples of the corn:

"You talked to Clay Dills? How?"

"How? With my mouth."

"Better go study your joke book."

(aside) "He's the MC and he's got a rotten sense of humor."

"There's nothin' better than feelin' better."

"How would you like a bust in the mouth?"

"No, thank you, Miss Bonnie, your bust ain't big enough."

"Don't forget what the restaurant owner told the lazy chef: Don't let the meat loaf."

"If he looks a little under the weather, that's all right."

"When did you ever see anybody on top of the weather?"

"I've got a warm spot in my heart for that little gal."

"You've got a warm spot between your legs."

"Clay, the only way you could get it up would be if you had a tractor a'pullin on it."

All of the properties used here from a telephone to liquor bottles are outsize, the purpose of which shall be the producer's little secret. On the credit side, I must single out the tune, "Lonely Is a Home Without a Man," written by Robert Hamm and Howard Lee, and movingly sung by Rachel Bard. And Paul Emerson shore convinced me he was the leading lady's paw. I was surprised when she didn't go home with him after the show. But *A Country Musical* isn't quite down my street. Cal Worthington would positively love it but I think I just might dodge it.

* * * *

Lucille Fletcher's *Night Watch*, which recently concluded a smash run at the Old Globe Theatre, was a crackling good mystery directed by Peter Nyberg at a headlong pace. It had a set-

ting by Peggy Kellner that was a marvel of its kind and a cast that was a joy to watch. Ken Fryer's brilliant lighting was not the least of its virtues. Gillian Hailes was perfectly splendid as Elaine, the role Joan Hackett played on Broadway, and she did far more with her than Elizabeth Taylor managed to do in the dreary film version. Bill Snary was very good as the conniving husband while Paula Juelke actually sounded authentically German, a novelty for the local stage. But the big surprise of the evening was Jeff Larsen who had the cameo, rather superfluous role of Curtis Appleby, the eccentric neighbor. He entered, took center stage, and made the remark, "You know, he hasn't one iota of gaiety."

And he walked off with the show. In a role of such minute size, this was quite a feat but it was Mr. Larsen you remembered long after the final curtain rang down. His snow-white thatch of hair attests to over 20 years with San Diego-based theatre. Over a nightcap after the performance, he confided that he always has been a frustrated actor who made his living as an interior decorator. He lived for quite a while in L. A. but, subsequently, moved to San Diego, where he has a house on the water and an atmosphere more to his liking. In preparing this role he and director Nyberg hashed out the strange plot twist: Elaine presents him, a total stranger, with the key to her house. Together, they decided that she had been ripped off by two men, the latter (her husband) who planned to run off with a younger woman. Appleby had told her he lost his lover to a younger man and, as a token of their mutual loss, she made him a present of the home she no longer needed. I believe this is a valid point and very possibly what Miss Fletcher had in mind. At any rate, here is an actor with a talent too big for his role. There's an old saying in the theatre: "There are no small parts; only small actors." Mr. Larsen registered with Appleby, something his Broadway counterpart did not do. And he captivated all of San Diego. A costume note: that lovely, outsize, woolly, cable-stitched woman's sweater that Jeff wore in the play came right out of Peggy Kellner's personal wardrobe.

—ALLAN LEOPOLD

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MUSTER INN — Pretty gypsy boy bartenders and a few rugged types are carefully watched over by local neighborhood cracker Gays. Strange. Otherwise jazzy neighborhood, this hotel echoes rare country rock and rouge. Lots of atmosphere undefined. 2222 E. Anaheim, Long Beach.

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AU PETIT JOINT — This tiny dining room is mobbed so reservations are definitely in order, call 656-9234. Funky atmosphere and groovy waiters augment interesting menu. Medium price is \$5.25, 7953 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood. Closed Sundays.

BLA BLA CAFE — Funky decor is setting for best folk/rock/comic entertainment in town. Offbeat menu features justifiably famous omelets and specialty items, from dinners to snacks. Wine and beer served. Also open after-hours. Groovy straights and Gays. Small cover charge after 9 PM at 11059 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Call 769-8912.

DROSSIE'S — Russian and Continental food. Medium price \$3.75 for high quality, from homemade soups to homemade deserts. Menu changes daily. Bohemian atmosphere and clientele. A celebrity hideaway. Funky waiters, excellent service. 7405 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood. 876-9149.

FELLINI'S — Striking, sophisticated, rustic ambience. At last, an Italian restaurant with no hanging plastic grapes. Medium price on the menu is \$4.25. Selective wine list. Groovy waiters. Discriminating clientele. 6810 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. 936-3100.

LILLIAN'S — Tiny dining room is almost always packed, as is their petit patio; so reservations are necessary. Call 874-7011. Menu changes daily. Home-style cooking, lots of food at a medium price of \$4.25. Wine is offered. No bar. Clientele is cross-section of community with some straight friends. 1253 N. La Brea Ave., West Hollywood. Closed Sunday and Monday.

DINING WITH LIBATIONS

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beach. The home of the California Beach Summerland Beach is a very mixed and overused beach getting progressively more gay as you stroll south. NUDE ALL YEAR ROUND. Take the Summerland turnoff from Hwy 101 south on Santa Monica

SHARK'S COVE — North of Summerland is a gay beach with much nude. Take the Sheffield Drive turnoff from 101 and follow it to the cliffs. Park and climb down to the most beautiful ocean view in California

DEVEREAUX BEACH — North of Isla Vista. The "sand dunes" make for the most private corners that shift from visit to visit and partner to partner. Just north of the campus

but open to all the young lovers of Santa Barbara

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY — New construction is soon to make entire county free place for nudists.

BALBOA PARK — Follow the crowds into the park and then park. Bring your basket along and walk a little. Don't plan to be left alone, some squirrel is bound to grab your nuts and run. Put everything back into your basket and keep walking. It doesn't matter where you go. Everything here flows in currents. After your first snack or two try to catch the Space Theatre show. It is a totally new sensual experience to mankind. When



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you come back out into the park there will be plenty of friends around to help you in your new orientation in reality. The wraparound movie at the Reuben H. Fleet Space Theatre will be 44 minutes long but time will lose meaning for you forevermore. You will be dropped out of time and space into the Eden of Balboa Park. Don't forget to pack your basket. San Diego sure is treating us nice.

ZUMA BEACH — Nudity, nakedness, flesh, and healthy-minded people of all sizes and shapes are casual and carefree here. There's no sense in feeling self-conscious, if you're naked you're naked and nude is the only way you will be at Zuma Beach, around the rock. Drive north on Pacific Coast Hwy. from Los Angeles and Malibu.

SUNRISE CLIFFS BEACH — As the sun begins to break through, and you have finished your Sunday morning social at the Outrigger in Mission Bay, drive south back in towards San Diego and the signs lure you off to the right, to Sun Rise Cliffs. Just bring your towel along, nothing else. A very mixed friendly crowd waits to welcome you.

GRIFFITH PARK — Seasons come and seasons go. Now when you drive up to the Greek Theater and turn right to the tennis courts and you stop immediately for a little snack you may slip in the mud as you run from the police helicopter and the horseback rangers. But, if you move on up further along the trail be sure not to have matches or cigarettes on you when you go for a hike, for you may find

yourself up against a violation. Meditation, however, remains best on the top of the mountain. You can still go up to look down onto the smoggy Jewel.

BARNSDALL PARK — All the bushes are gone now, so perhaps you could continue to be more discreet here. Olive grove and Frank Lloyd Wright design intended for meditation, cool it and all can work out mellow. On Hollywood Blvd. near Vermont, in Hollywood at the fringe of Silver Lake.

TORREY PINES — (Sunrise Cliffs). Nude beach closed. San Diego.

MOVIE HOUSES

CENTURY THEATER — Handsome theater with feature-length current releases. 5115 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

POWELL THEATER — Small house which Fanny Brice opened and which for many years served as a rerun spot for vintage films, now the city's newest adult cinema, showing male-oriented films only. \$3 admission anytime, with late shows Friday and Saturday nights. Conveniently located near Bart and cable cars. 39 Powell Street, San Francisco.

LAUREL THEATRE — It used to be the Jumping Frog, a swinging bar. Now the management shows male-male films exclusively. Admission \$4 night and day. Late shows Friday and Saturday, about midnight. Strictly first-run stuff. 2111 Polk Street, San Francisco.

PARIS THEATRE — Feature-length films, 8163 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

VISTA — Feature-length films, 4473 Sunset Drive, Silver Lake.

RICHARD'S THEATRE — Features and Shorts, 5228 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood

QUICKIE — Shorts and loops, 8325 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

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HANGIN TREE RANCH — Write for appointments. Custom-mades and specialized novelties, famous for this. Distinct for authentic western garb and apparatus but not exclusive. Send for 'Illustrated' Leather Toy Catalogue. Jack Jackson, Hangin Tree Ranch, Rural Box 452, Japantul Valley Road, Alpine, Ca. 92001

AM MEN — The styles trip from dressy funk through smart casual to showy macho. The range is from the party through the bedroom to the posing pedestal. The eye and the nose can be pleased and startled. Accessories and gift items to be found. Two locations—8901 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, and 2716 Griffith Park Blvd., Silver Lake.

LEATHER N THINGS — Exclusive designs needed for the bike crowd by a firm which really wants to show off what kind of man a fellow is. And then some. Finest top quality leather, featuring the renaissance of the cod piece. Made to individual measurements, 4079 18th Street, San Francisco.

TOWN SQUIRE — Always the most up-to-date items in men's fashions. A funky store with everything from the most casual attire to far-out evening dress. A wide selection of the newest styles. Clerks who love to fit you. 1318 Polk Street, San Francisco.

LEATHER FOREVER — Complete, colorful stock of leather goods and cowboy garb, for the range rider and the bike contingent. Unusual specials. 1702 Washington Street, San Francisco.

THE FASHION COMPANY — Costume trims, jewels, beads, sequins, pearls, gold and silver bindings. Rhinestones a specialty. The house of elegance lives & goes. 15 Carson Avenue, San Francisco

CROWN CLEANERS — A complete dry cleaning, laundry and buff dry service to make them look like new. Check their money-saving specials and check Arthur's next door while the laundry is being done. Located at 1124 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood.

LEATHER BY LEATHER — Everything for the even or clock leatherman. Uniforms and casual wear for the biker and bike lover, studded or otherwise. Belts, wristbands and novelties—also studded or otherwise at 334 Sunset Blvd., East Hollywood.

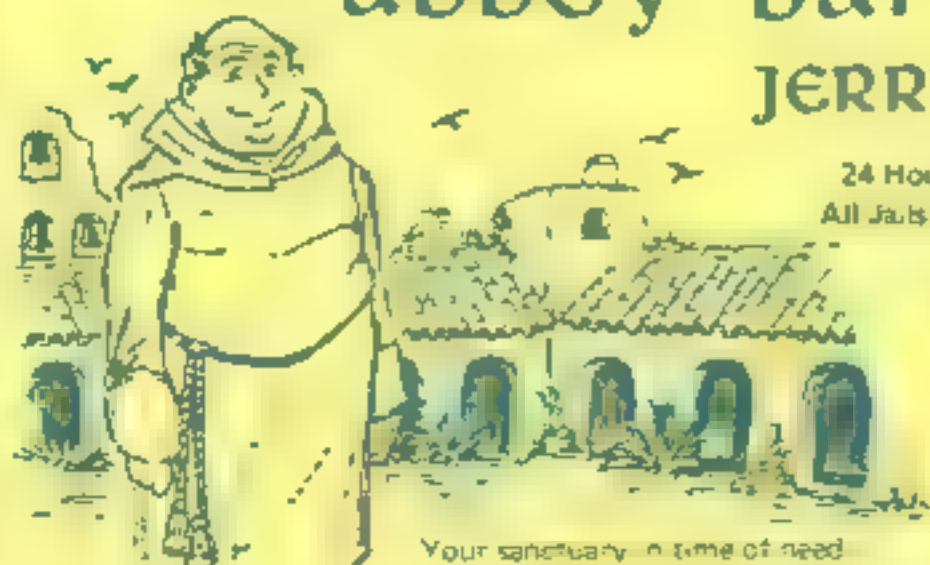
THE LEATHER GAME — Leather garments, accessories, novelties and toys for the sand box. Ready-to-wear is rare, custom-made is usual. Customized trophies are also available. Located in North Hollywood and open by appointment only. Call 762-6266 and ask for Mike Whalen.

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THE SEWING MAN — One-of-a-kind is the shop, the owner and the merchandise. Shirts and caftans with a distinctive look. You may order a custom design or select from the large stock of readymades. Located at 4003 Sunset Blvd., East Hollywood.

THAT LOOK — Everything for the man and his mate—Imported and domestic. Full-cover suits to bone-cover straps with what goes between, above, below, under, over, behind and in front. It's ready-to-wear and custom-made. There are accessories and gift items in nooks and crannies at 2512 Hyperion Ave., Silver Lake.

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LOCAL NEIGHBORHOOD SPOTS

QUEEN OF CLUBS — Very mixed interweaving crowd with loyal core. Big boys and girls. Sunday socials have great food, homemade famous for this buffet made with love. Great way to get drunk and licentious on a Sunday. 5239 San Fernando Rd., Sun Valley.

LITTLE CAVE — Silver Lake neighborhood mixes western and casual with country and beer piano, singalong relaxed generation. 3111 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

MANSFIELD HOUSE — Sometimes open for business, sometimes feature films, sometimes fun party crowd gathers, always a big spot on Halloween. 2600 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake.

NUT HOUSE — Latin neighbors social. Plenty of atmosphere with friendly bilingual bartenders, waiting for you. On Hoover near Melrose, Silver Lake.

FOUR POSTER — Silver Lake neighbors social. Always friendly, sometimes cruisy weekday afternoon. Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

WOODY'S HYPERION — Healthy, young crowd most nights. Food and teeming masses on Sunday. Lively spot for the north side of Silver Lake.

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NEW LAGOON SALOON — Ample bike parking in rear. Huge quiet bar with great layout. Some crazy trade. 1415 Santa Fe, Long Beach.

MALE BOX — Small neighborhood bar, catering to all age groups. Friendly atmosphere, genial bartenders. Red, white and blue facade makes this place easily identified from the street. 990 Post Street, San Francisco.

GANGWAY — Popular, well-established, sometimes rowdy place of nautical design. Piano, pinball machines, jukebox. Fun and uninhibited ribaldry for the young and older guys alike. 841 Larkin Street, San Francisco.

SHINGLE SHACK — Nestled in a friendly hillside community in Silver Lake, this spot is always neighborly and the cruising is often more than cordial. 1941 N. Hyperion, Silver Lake, Los Angeles.

BOXCAR — Western, Levi, leather. Small bar with weekday pool and Sunday brunch congregations. Also nude movies and weekend cruising. 2906 Los Feliz, Alhambra.

FLORENTINE ROOM — Friendly cocktail crowd, mixed around pool table. Neighborhood elbow benders and professional bartenders ready to welcome you. 4579 Melrose, Los Angeles, just off the Hollywood Frwy.

LATIN FLAME — Back velvet with flickers of red wine, dark quiet lounge with bursts of laughter punctuating the murmured Spanish.

Quiet, romantic, and lush atmos with some fiery customers. Melrose at Van Ness, Hollywood.

BRASS SPUR — Wilshire District social plus visitors for light cruising. Sunday brunch and friendliest bartenders make worth your while. On Vermont just south of Wilshire in Wilshire Center.

NARDI'S — Quiet downtown lounge, social weeknights, cruisy weekends. Small crowd and beautiful bartenders. 665 E. Colorado Pasadena.

THE OFFICE — Mixed neighborhood, some trade, friendly bartenders and pleasant customers. Just down the block from the DAILY DOUBLE Pasadena.

DAILY DOUBLE — Practically private social event. Not too friendly but a few interesting numbers. 3739 E. Colorado, Pasadena.

THE HAVEN — The Valley comes into downtown Hollywood. There's plenty of room for dancing in this growing little clubhouse. 5903 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood.

DAVID — And now, entertainment for all those loyalists who have remained and not gone over to Lloyd's. Still primarily dining with good bar. Great for that romantic rendezvous or secret affair. 7013 Melrose Ave., Hollywood. Interesting.

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signals gather to chat, makes for entertaining company. 1271 N. Vine, Hollywood.

JACKIE'S — Practically private for straights and drags only. 6023 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

RED CARPET ROOM — Guys and dolls rub elbows in the most congenial little bar in Hollywood. 6280 Yucca, Hollywood.

FOUR STAR — Boystown neighbors social. Good crowd on weeknights, can be crussy, heavy on weekends. 8857 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

GALLERY ROOM — After dinner casual gentlemen stay on every night to form consistent young crowd. 8100 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood.

BEACH BOY — Beachcomber set in the heart of Hollywood. Good afterhours spot to sober up. 7113 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.

VALLI HAUS — Crowds for dinner often stay over for socializing. Popular for lovers and other strangers. 11012 Ventura, Studio City.

KEITH'S — Sociable Valley stop, before or after dinner. Crowd gets silly when the liquor and laughter flows and a little sad when it closes down. 11801 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, across from the Hayloft.

CANYON ROOM — Extremely delightful bartenders play host for neighborhood conclave. 13625 Moorpark, Sherman Oaks.

THE ATTIC — North Hollywood very mixed interweaving crowds. Big boys and girls Sunday socials. 11717½ Victory Blvd.

TONY'S — Entertainment, when open. Nice lounge. 10618 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

BLACK KNIGHT — Just a black box with beer and a small crussy crowd. Not just neighborhood. 10932 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

FORSOOTH THE DRAGON — Across the street from the Knight, uniquely laid-out bar, some dancing, afterhours for area. 10937 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

HANGED MAN PUB — The corner bar has turned gay. Small but not quiet, beer and pool neighborhood tournament. 10522 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood.

LA CARAVELLE — Just across the street from the beach, a pleasant lounge at night and a fun patio for sunbathers. Also local dining and seafood. 54 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica.

PINK ELEPHANT — Quiet Venice bar near old boardwalk. 2810 Main St., Santa Monica.

BEACH ROAMER — Nice little beer barroom sloop in the middle of Long Beach's gay miracle mile. 1064 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

SAM'S PLACE — Mixed bar on the miracle mile. Small weekday crowd. 1744 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

P-M CLUB — Lively part of the miracle mile circuit. 1720 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

HUNGRY HORSE SALOON — **FUNKY** little bar near enough to beach and baths. Tall-cool one-with-the-gang atmosphere. Sundays good. Afterhours weekends. 5520 La Jolla Blvd., La Jolla.

HOP HOUSE — Neighborhood boys bar around the corner from Diablo's. Growing lively atmosphere. Frolicsome crowd. 3827 Park Blvd., San Diego.

DOLL ROOM — Mixed little beach bar with brotherhood and sisterhood. Drink here, dance up the street. 756 Ventura, Mission Bay, San Diego.

SKIPPER'S — Cozy little cocktail lounge can be found in a retirement vacation motel restaurant. Good place for a secret rendezvous. 6737 La Jolla, La Jolla.

DE PAUL'S — Heavy trade mixes it up with beautiful exotic drags. Happy, rugged, frolicky, and lively rough mob. On Vine just north of Hollywood Blvd.

B.J.'s — Small friendly crowd with dancing weeknights becomes mixed and leather crowded afterhours weekends, down the street from Black Pipe makes it Must Score afterhours. 2692 S. La Cienega, Los Angeles.

FALLEN ANGEL — Quiet and friendly neighborhood hangout for middle-aged Wilshire District. Travis tends bar with good conversation. 2709 W. 6th, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

JOLY'S — Neighborhood weeknights becomes hot spot for the Wilshire District on weekends. Gets crowded and sometimes crussy. 117 S. Western, Los Angeles, Wilshire District.

TYKES — Always good conversation, very neighborhood in a very gay community, fun while waiting for laundry, can be a place to meet someone new for whatever. 4306 N. Figueroa, Highland Park, In L.A.

GOLD RUSH SALOON — Western image comes to life afterhours. Mixed crowd socializes and then cruises afterhours western additions. Formerly The Alibi. Good jukebox. Nice guys running the joint, trying hard out there. 480 Pomona Mall, Pomona.

TENDER TRAP — Neat little bar, a survivor. Feel at home with the townfolk. Afterhours cycles swell with the full moon weekends. Not dead. 667 W. Holt, Pomona.

INQUIRE — Long bar with plenty of friends slogging around. Very personal and almost private. Sometimes wandering minstrels entertain. Cocktails educated. 3974 Atlantic, Long Beach.

LITTLE SHRIMP — Exciting coral reef atmosphere, aquarium bar, crowded weekends weekday beach bar social. Very nice, like a honeymoon spot, a place you would like to remember as the years roll by. Sort of down an alley, keep looking. 1305 S. Coast Hwy, Laguna Beach.

CAPRI — North Hollywood social with cruising of new blood and chatter of old conversations which hold drinking buddies together. Crowded Sunday afternoon with buffet bath.

6131 Vineland, North Hollywood.

MAGNOLIA INN — You can't help but like this quiet little place. Friendly, nice; helpful if you need to know where to go, at any time. 12136 Magnolia, North Hollywood.

THE BRANCH — Moderate, moderate, moderate posh and piano. Office break lounge to cool off the pressure of the doldrums of a draggy day. Pleasant and safe place. 13548 Ventura, Studio City.

PLUSH PONY — Ch cane chicks play host to Latin boys. Everybody welcome for pool, familiarization, socialization, and plans for later recreation. 5261 Alhambra, Alhambra.

VAGABOND — Friendly talking bartenders serve good liquor to vagabonds who care to pull into port for a while. City bar, Friday and Saturday busy neighborhood crowd. 315 E. Florence, Inglewood.

MASON'S BAR — Opening soon for San Diego's boys and girls together trip. Should be fun. 1211 Market St., San Diego.

THE HANG UP — Factory queens mix with foundry trade in small joint with good jukebox and beer. Cruisy party on weekends for small bunch. 7810 Santa Fe, Huntington Park.

CROW'S NEST — Light atmosphere. Extra nice management willing to please new customers. Weekends filled with friendly family of friends. 9306 E. Alondra, Bellflower.

RABBIT HABIT — Flaky, raunch, and semi-western quiet toilet. Not too friendly, very neighborhood, rugged bunch holding up quiet business. 7312 Pacific, Huntington Park.

RUBY RUE SALOON — Small dancing group encircled by light western cruise group. Nicely mixed crowds around bar with helpful, conscientious bartenders. 1103 N. La Brea, Inglewood.

TIKI HUT — South Pacific atmosphere sways nice weekend gatherings. Quiet weeknights. 9042 Garden Grove, Garden Grove.

WESTSIDE — Increasingly popular area has given more recent nod to long established dining spot. Bar cruising growing and developing into new mix. More growth changes coming. Keep your eyes open. 6112 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles.

OAK LOUNGE — remodeling. REMODELING, changing. CHANGED, 11518 Burbank, North Hollywood.

FRIENDS — Open from Thursday to Sunday, slowly catching on and building loyal neighborhood crowd. Truly a place for friends to meet. Nice guys run things here. The "idea" is catching hold. 735 E. Mission, Pomona.

IT'S A SCANDAL

JACKIE D'S NUDE ENCOUNTER — Claims to be the first gay nude encounter shop on the West Coast, perhaps in the country. Large meeting room and dance floor where you check out the merchandise, then a trip upstairs to a private room with psychedelic pillows and individual background music. Every

room a different style and color. For \$15 a half hour, \$25 a full hour, you can look at the boy of your choice but you can't touch, so they say. Open all night. Busiest after 2 AM. 1044 Post Street, San Francisco.

GUILD THEATER — Orange County red-necks are tamed for trade in straight porno house. Dark but not dangerous except for the local gestapo. Trade gamble spot. 324 W. 4th St., Santa Ana.

M/B CLUB — Two locations. On Melrose just west of the Hollywood Frwy. Good crowd, lots of Levi membership with strong flavor of leather. Best bring knee pads. Several dark rooms with sparse furniture.

M/B CLUB #2 — Same principle — preying and praying. Neat little snack bar with campy jukebox. Various rooms to brush about in. 5643 Cahuenga, No. Hollywood.

SELMA'S — Not a bath with private rooms. A massage parlor with private boys. People who like people. They're that kind of people. And they know what they're doing. 5859 Melrose, Hollywood.

HOUSE OF SEVEN — Not just another Valley spot, this new den seems to have found a tap on new proletarian playboys, workout men interested in having a weekend away from the suburbs without melting in steam and pouring back home to the wife and kids without a Sunday left in them. Dark corners have replaced wall space, which should bunch up any wall flowers that might stroll in undecided. 5645 Cahuenga, North Hollywood.

MINESHAFT — Wicked intentions disperse on weekdays but still carry a promising atmosphere, cruising and conversation, beer and boys, nice and friendly, 1702 E. Broadway, Long Beach.

OCTAGON CLUB — Something coming soon. San Diego.

LOVE NESTS

BON AIR MOTEL — Discreet, 1724 N. Western, Hollywood.

VINE LODGE — Rooms of all kinds for short or long visits, some with private bath, some with kitchenette. Community Sauna and Bunkhouse, outdoor swimming pool with private patio and large courtyard. 1818 N. Vine, Hollywood.

VALLEY PALMS MOTEL — Private, 11514 Ventura, Studio City.

AN OLD FRIEND — Private or party. 1830 Racquet Club, Palm Springs.

FOX AND HOUNDS — Complete facilities, vacation spot, run by Dave's. 4520 E. Mission Bay, San Diego.

SEA MOTEL — Clean linen, modern plumbing, discreet atmosphere, no parties. Good honeymoon stop. No hassles, always pleasant. 475 Coast Hwy., Laguna Beach.

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NERO'S—West Hollywood on Santa Monica.

BITTER END WEST — West Hollywood on Santa Monica.

THE OFFICE—Hollywood and Vine.

ZACHARY—East Hollywood on Melrose.

INNER CIRCLE—Garden Grove.

ATWATER BATHS—Los Angeles.

THE OLD WEST—Hollywood (formerly the Big John).

BRASS RAIL—Hollywood.

CABARET—Hollywood.

SPEAK 39—Hollywood.

LAS PALMAS THEATRE—Hollywood.

NAPOLEON'S—Studio City.

BIG SKY—Sunland.

GRANNY GOOSE—Van Nuys.

CAESARS—Studio City.

LA TUBS—Los Angeles.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE—Silver Lake.

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PERSONALITY: Five years ago, while still in his teens, Don Johnson created a sensation starring in *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES*, bringing a new freedom to the Los Angeles stage. Today, after starring in four films, Don is as refreshingly iconoclastic, vital, beautiful and out front as ever.

COMMUNITY LEADER: When we were reviewing Roy Dean's latest book, *THE NAKED IMAGE*, it became apparent that here was a man who was as interesting as his work and that an interview was inevitable.

LEISURE: Summer is almost upon us and it's time to return to the call of the sea. A power sailboat, the channel off Catalina, two handsome young men, and a look at skin diving to welcome back the season.

FASHION: Tops and bottoms really refer to shirts and trousers, you know. Three groovy young men with class introduce us to some of the best in the contemporary look above and below.

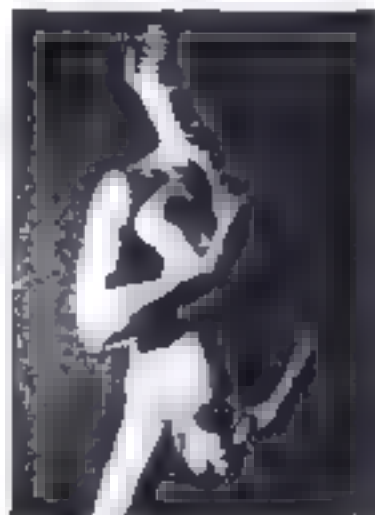
DISCOVERY: Johnathan Douglas, vital, virile and very real, has just moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles. What better way to celebrate our growth and coverage of the San Francisco scene than by a pictorial interview with this handsome young sculptor?

PLUS: A preproduction peek at the San Francisco presentation of *APPLAUSE* starring Charles Pierce; a report on one of Los Angeles' exciting cross-over groups—Silverhead, our growing guide to the Gay scene in LA and S and a few other surprises.



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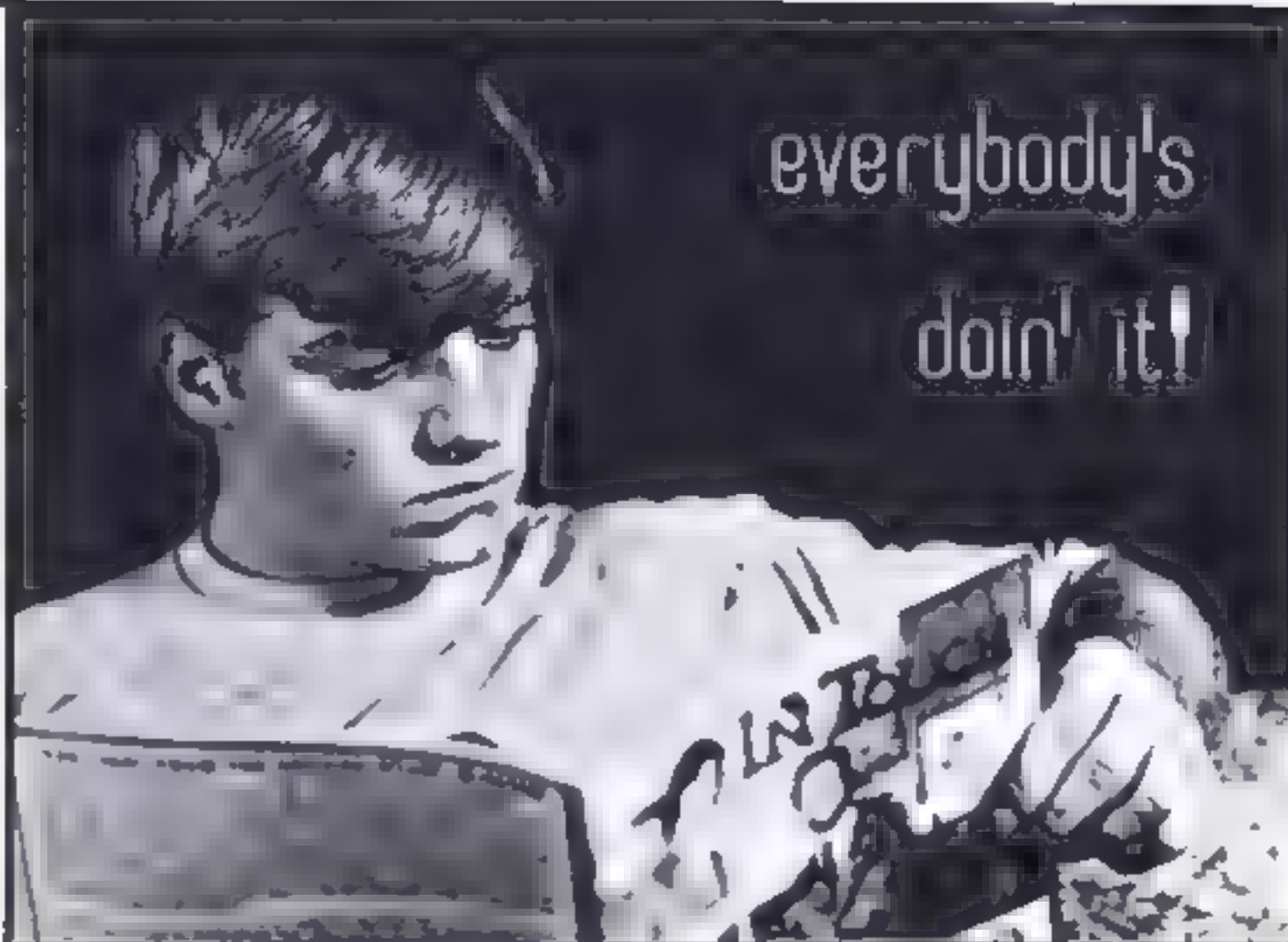
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IN TOUCH *Portrait*

Wally is the subject of our new IN TOUCH PORTRAIT. This issue begins where the February center fold left off. To say more shouldn't be necessary. As with our previous Portraits of Steve, Chuck and Todd, this Portrait 4 contains over 40 photos of Wally - mostly nudes—as seen through the cameras of two of IN TOUCH's contributing photographers. Send to IN TOUCH; Attn: PORTRAIT

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films

him with disdain, then disappear down long corridors to the safety of another world he cannot enter

He commutes to and from his office by way of a tube inhabited by creatures who move in and out at will. But he is a prisoner. Orders are issued him from a muffled voice over a telephone wire. He vacillates but he must bear the inevitable consequences. To Butley, as to Harold Pinter, every moment in his exist-

ence is an eternity.

To Jacque Tati eternity is but a moment it is the difference between a nightmare and a joke. The difference is recognizable to us all. In Tati's *Playtime* we have a surreal world gone mildly mad; a world where monochromatic monuments to an indifferent technology dominate little people who cannot cope, who walk around lost in a computerized labyrinth, but whose minor functions are magnified into self-importance. They dare not admit their fears

that this world would work better without them—that is the world of Jacque Tati's *Playtime*.

Tati, equipped with his now familiar pipe, umbrella, raincoat, striped argy socks, and six-foot-four frame always leaning precariously, lopes through this dream world where the sounds of the unanimated outclass those of the animated

Tati's view is of the quirk, not the essence, but it is tinted rose

Tati's approach to humor is not traditional in any sense. He does not bring order out of disorder or disorder out of order; he brings disorder out of disorder. He has a poetic way of investing mechanical monstrosities with nostalgic characteristics. The most beautiful of which is a traffic circle seen through his eyes as a carousel

There are no close-ups in *Playtime*. They are not needed. The action is orchestrated so meticulously that the sparseness of the humor seems frantic. The gags are never pushed and sometimes hang like elusive dreams. The effect resembles, somewhat, being beaten mercilessly with a marshmallow.

I suppose the American Film Theater's production of *Lost in the Stars* is a failure but I don't care. Sometimes we need to just stop and cry. *Lost in the Stars* gave me reason and time to cry. While most people were either grumbling about what an awful film or were getting their jackets ready to leave I sat there crying.

The chorus sang out:
Cry, the beloved country
Cry, the beloved land,
The wasted childhood,
The wasted youth,
The wasted man

And I did. The film was just not directed. It was a beautiful production, a powerful script, moving songs, the finest of performances, all let loose and lost. *Lost in the Stars* hit me with the chaos of a mother mourning over her dead son's casket. Its dramatic climaxes jump out of a wailing throat with total surprise. The quiet long lulls linger like the sobbing of relatives and you stand back like a church attendant watching tender relationships of family and tribe being broken apart and separated by rusty corrugated tin and broken liquor bottles



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that stab the dried clay of despoiled earth. There are words that ring out from a noble man, the minister (Brock Peters), words about justice and truth that flow across images of green lawns and colonial mansions. There are whispers of pride that seep out of the pores of young men and are driven back by the dead flat slam of a gavel in a courtroom of robes and rich lush wood paneling. There is the city that swallows up a lost boy and a country town that no longer gives comfort to a mourning father.

Melba Moore has become the finest actress of 1974. She became Irina, a scrawny girl in a one-room shanty, pregnant, abandoned, frightened but somehow in love with the crazy young boy that has left her; unable to hate him she expends enough energy crying for his return to tear down the theater. Innocently, she tears out your heart and clutches it to her pleading song. Can't we do anything?

In *McQ* director John Sturges has taken a script filled with abominably superficial dialogue and brought it to life as if policemen and their friends, wives, and lovers all were the shallowest of people caught up in a constantly dramatic quagmire. John Wayne as *McQ* is the kind of guy who goes out on a limb for a buddy. *McQ*'s best friend has been killed and *McQ* sets out as an avenging angel to find the guys that did it. He is not a passionate kind of guy; he just wants to get to the bottom of it. Police Department politics gets in his way and so he quits the force. When he hands his badge in, he delivers the greatest soliloquy of his career with three little words, "Too much politics."

But *McQ* is not only a cool-headed avenging angel he is a naive one as well. He ends up running around in circles, leaving the search for the murder in a search for a dope ring and leaving the search for the dope ring to find the one high police official behind the whole thing. Unlike *Serpico*, *McQ* never sees the corruption around him as evil. *McQ* deals in "favors" because that's the only way he knows how to get his job done. His friends and cohorts are criminals and he relies on them to help find out what is at the bottom of it all. He never does. As soon as he gets his one police

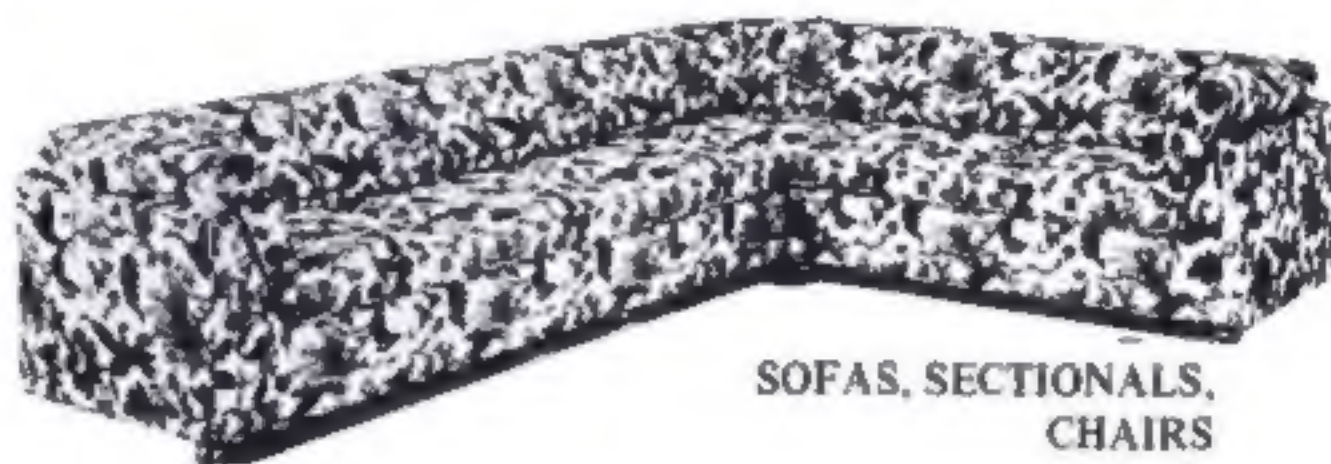
official he forgets about the rest of the operation. *McQ*, a Good Samaritan out of his depth, never really seems to be involved as a public servant; it's all personal.

There are plenty of good things in the film. The stunts are unbelievable. Sturges never seems to get personally involved with all the flying lead and burning cars and we find ourselves standing back at a distance but the action is there on film. Sturges did get involved with his actors and their dramatic scenes. Colleen Dewhurst not only

gives us a great performance as an over-the-hill B-girl but brings warmth and depth to the shallow lines. She is the greatest reward in going to see *McQ*; I feel like I have found a great personality that I could see over and over again. Diana Muldaur shares all her scenes with the Duke and though he never upstages her, she downstages herself in his presence and only makes her role even more flat than scripted. Julie Adams has a small role but shows what can be done with nothing. Eddie Albert plays a thankless role that demands he give an

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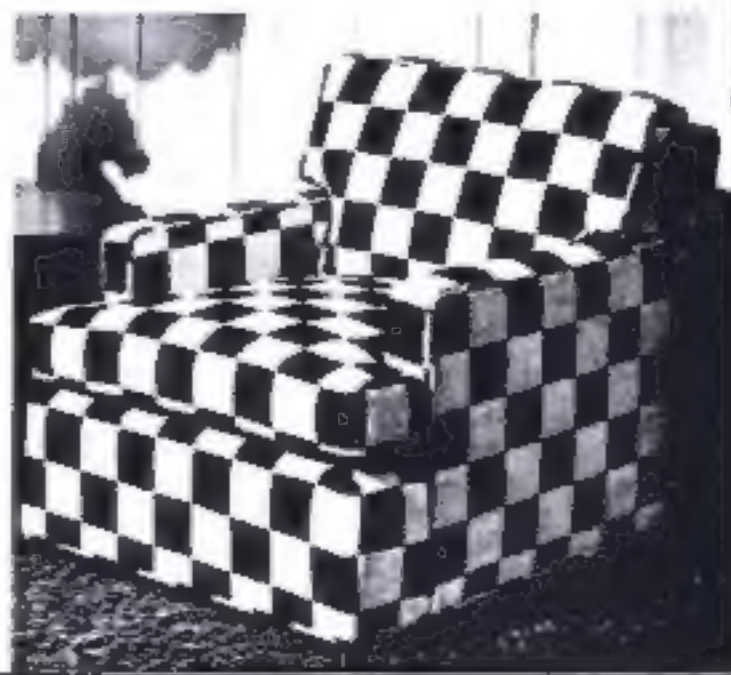
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indefinite performance. We are supposed to know that in fact he is a bit of a nut for expecting the murders to have been committed by "militants" but we are seriously supposed to suspect that it is a front. The Duke's performance is consistently level and right on. He doesn't give us a very likable guy but is very convincing as a necessary institution.

Harry Stradling, Jr.'s, photography is beautiful and imaginative for the interiors and rather flat and dull for the exteriors. Like Sturges he didn't seem to get into the action. There is action but no overly punctuated gore. This is to their good taste perhaps. The music by Elmer Bernstein is also a relief from the overly sensual trash action films usually insisted upon.

Jack Nicholson in *The Last Detail* makes John Wayne look like a jaded old pansy. The manliness of McQ is so institutionalized that it reeks of the new American decadence. The manliness of Budasky may be gross and anti-intellectual but it cuts through the bullshit of conventionalism and yells out for human decency. Budasky may be filled with compassion at the thought of the injustice he is caught up executing but he is not a sentimental fool. He is almost cantankerous; his mind is filled with schemes and routines that allow him to be defiant and yet government issue. He is without hope but not defeated. His spirit refuses to wallow in the sentimentalization of what has been lost. It is a rough spirit without inspiration to draw from; a spirit that gains its strength not from ideology but from raw human compassion.

The Last Detail is not just another film of the new American realism. Like *Kid Blue* and *Cinderella Liberty*, it not only challenges the prolonged age of innocence in the American film, it does it sincerely without lamentation. It is a celebration of realism filled with humor and standing in the field of tragedy. It is the kind of film that makes you mad at the fucking world and as soon as you get mad you realize what a slave you have been. It is a liberating film that doesn't have the time to dwell on hope, as did *Cinderella Liberty*, but it allows you to hold on to your human sensibilities.

Unlike *Kid Blue*, *The Last Detail* fails to show the underbelly of the snakes and scoundrels. *Kid Blue* was very sensitive to the terror in the lives of the cold and callous bureaucrats that run the world and it was that sensitivity that kept it from becoming a trite telling of man's inhumanity to man. But *The Last Detail* manages to keep from degenerating by starting with the conclusion that there are assholes in this world and they should have their asses kicked for walking over the little people of the world. That's it. Honest and defiant.

Italy continues, long after its postwar renaissance, to provide stimulated material for the cinema, as Alfredo, Alfredo aptly demonstrates. It ranks among the most interesting works of the past year and makes a valid contribution to Pietro Germi's many films which have studied social problems of Italy in general and marriage in particular. Alfredo, Alfredo is an intelligent film and one unusual in the Italian cinema because of its consciously grotesque character.

Its main aspiration is toward the individual portrait: a character study, orig-

inal in itself and originally drawn, of a young man (Dustin Hoffman) whose nature is so complex and contradictory that it shades off into ambiguity.

In a country where divorce is nearly nonexistent and annulments are generally difficult and expensive to come by, in a region where customs concerning the relations between the sexes are still extremely and rigidly old-fashioned and people infinitely touchy about the whole business, Germi's grotesque tale discloses an unprejudiced attitude which in the present state of Italy is not without its courage.

Alfredo, an Italian Alfie, pursues the most guileless pretties until he becomes ensnared in his own trap. He is forced into an excruciating marriage and spends several absurd years tangled in a web of archaic Italian laws trying to free himself. Finally, and at great expense, he manages to extricate what is left of his life only to be led at the end back to the sacrificial altar. Only Dustin Hoffman could have given us the all-meaning look of such calm horror that closes this wonderful little movie.

Chariots of the Gods is neither science fiction nor science fact. It is garbage pawned off as invention. It is gobbledygook pawned off as theory. Worse, it is a bad show.

Did spacemen visit earth in ancient times? The evidence is interesting enough and the conjecture is more than tempting but the manner in which *Chariots* goes about proving its "thesis" is worst than just bad scientific form; it is even dull fantasy. What is astounding about the film is how unpersuasive it in fact is. It is the worst kind of insult to the intelligence of an audience to subject them to what seems like hours of poorly gathered stock footage of cheap travelogue highlighted by a few moments of genuinely interesting phenomenon, only to have the insipid narration repeat over and over, "See, see, doesn't that prove something?"

Nothing is proven and the evidence is made less interesting than it would have been if the *Chariots* would have left it alone. I am afraid that the "unsolved mysteries of the past" not only remain unsolved but are far more muddled than ever before.

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